

The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER • 1951

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THE

Rotarian



35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois

Your Letters

Footnoting Singing in Korea

By MRS. GEORGE A. FITCH
Wife of Rotarian
Leonia, New Jersey

I am sure that Rotarians meeting in Pusan, Korea, under all the difficult circumstances of refugeeing from Seoul will be greatly encouraged by your interest in them, as indicated by *They Still Sing in Korea* [THE ROTARIAN for October].

In a later letter my husband wrote: George Paik spoke at Rotary yesterday and gave quite a thrilling account of his trip to the States. It was on his recommendation that the Free Asia Committee gave some thousands of tons of paper for printing the 70 million textbooks which the schools must have by October. . . . I was glad to surrender the gavel to George, though on the whole I've rather enjoyed presiding these past two months. Rotary voted a further 500,000 won for our YMCA milk station, which now puts its total contribution at 1,100,000, or nearly \$200, which is pretty good. I had Don Faris as my guest. He was formerly on my UNRRA staff on the Yellow River project and a member of Tsinan Rotary.

A Club Honors Lou

Reports LESTER G. GERHARD
School Principal
Secretary, Rotary Club
Seaside, New Jersey

Naturally, we were pleased to see that Louis Albini's photo was first of the 90 Rotary Foundation Fellows' for 1951-52 [THE ROTARIAN for October]. It recalled to us the "Lou Albini Night" we observed to honor the man our Club had sponsored. Lou presented a program of Spanish songs and dances which his Spanish class in the Toms River High School studies and which he has produced each year in a program known as a Spanish *fiesta*. His parents were present at the meeting and a corsage was given to his mother.

When Lou left for Peru, where he will study during the next year, a large delegation from our Club was on hand in New York at the dock to see him off.

Here's Our Answer

Says J. M. BOWYER, Freight Agent
Secretary, Rotary Club
El Dorado, Kansas

In *The Editors' Workshop* for October, the Editors ask what the answer is to the question of what Rotarians are doing to help make the 25,000 young people from other countries studying in the U.S.A. feel at home. Well, here's what we in the Rotary Club of El Dorado did for a young man, Jan van Campen, of Blaricum, The Netherlands, who was in our community for three months studying American farming methods.

We invited Jan to meet with us each week during his stay. At each meeting it was so arranged that he sat with a different group of Rotarians, thus affording all of them an opportunity to become better acquainted with him.

When Rotary's Governor of District 66, C. P. H. Teenstra, of Hilversum,

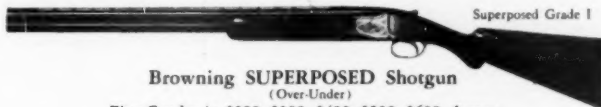
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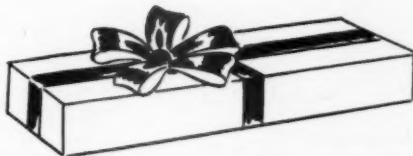
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CLIP THIS TO YOUR BUSINESS LETTERHEAD

The Netherlands, learned of Jan's being with us, he wrote:

I greatly admire the way you American Rotarians try to promote goodwill and international understanding by asking young people from overseas countries to be your guests and I do hope that in the near future I'll have the opportunity to offer hospitality to American boys and girls who happen to be here, to make them better acquainted with this part of the world.

We Welcomed the Teachers

Reports EDWIN A. BEMIS, Rotarian
Newspaper Publisher
Littleton, Colorado

If more schoolteachers were made the focus of a program such as is related in Abraham Segal's *Teacher Goes to Town* [THE ROTARIAN for October], the results in the communities would be just as evident as in Philadelphia. It is important that teachers be a part of the community.

When the Colorado Commissioner of Education addressed the Rotary Club of Littleton recently, the teachers of all schools, as well as members of the school board, were invited to attend. There were about 50 teachers on hand. Since it was two days before the opening of school, it gave the faculty members an added stimulus for their jobs, and proved to the teachers that the Rotarians were really interested in the educational activities of the community and in its youth. But, even more, it gave them an opportunity to meet personally the business and professional leaders of the community.

No one will attempt to measure the good that has accrued to us all.

Note for Visitors to England

From DENNIS A. ALDRIDGE, Rotarian
National Insurance
Newport, Isle of Wight, England

In recent months we of Newport have read invitations to Rotarians in *Your Letters* from Rotary Clubs in England to visit them when in their communities. We are glad that Rotarians come to see our capital—London—and the many other places of historic and current interest. However, we are quite surprised that so few of them come along to this little island to see the British countryside at its best.

We would like to issue this invitation to every Rotarian in the world: When you next visit England, come along to this island. We would be very pleased indeed to arrange accommodations and you can rest assured that we shall personally conduct you around the beauty spots of our "Garden Isle."

A Name Recalls a Poem

For R. C. ADAIR, Rotarian
Superintendent, Goodwill Industries
St. Louis, Missouri

Reference by The Scratchpad Man in *By the Way* [THE ROTARIAN for October] to Rotarian Eddie Guest being a recipient of the "Golden Keystone" at the Boys' Clubs of America convention recently recalls the poem which he wrote for Goodwill Week last May. It was republished in the St. Louis Rotary Club's *Pepper Box*. Perhaps other readers of

THE ROTARIAN would like to share it. Here it is:

GOODWILL WORKSHOPS

*The frail, the broken, and the blind,
The old, because they quickly tire,
All industry is not included,
Whatever be their need, to hire.
With means to serve at useful trades
The humble Goodwill Workshop aids.
You may have wondered, passing by,
What in such shops the frail could do;
But should you enter, as have I,
You'd find old stuff made good as new;
Old things made fit some want to fill,
Renewed with an exquisite skill.
Perhaps such art you might expect,
But it would thrill you more to find
Both dignity and self-respect
Saved for the old, the lame, the blind,
And greater faith and sweeter song
Than in the factories of the strong.*

Re: Reduction of Destruction

By PERCY BUGBEE, General Manager
National Fire Protection Association
Boston, Massachusetts

We were very delighted to see the excellent article on fire-prevention work carried on in Seattle that appeared in THE ROTARIAN for September [Keep the Home Fires from Burning, by Howard E. Jackson]. We are familiar with the fine work that has been done in that city and think that THE ROTARIAN is doing a fine service in bringing it to the attention of its readers. If every city carried on the constructive and well-planned fire-prevention campaign along the lines that they are doing in Seattle, we would certainly substantially reduce our excessive loss of life and destruction of property by fire.

Hobby Listing Pays Dividends

For MRS. CHARLES K. KINCAID
Wife of Rotarian
Madison, Wisconsin

About ten years ago I started to collect the jokers [Continued on page 53]



Attention, Sportsmen!

YOU upland game hunters can easily obtain a full color print of this month's grouse cover for your den, office, or study. Prints, reproduced from the original by Lynn Bogue Hunt, prominent American wild-life painter, are now available on heavy pebbled paper suitable for framing. Send 10 cents (U. S. coin) for each copy to Department G, THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois, U.S.A.

THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS NOTES FROM 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

PRESIDENT. As this issue was reaching readers, President Frank E. Spain and his wife, Margaret, were on the high seas aboard the "S. S. Constitution," scheduled to arrive in New York in mid-October. Behind them were two months of Rotary visits (to be reported in an early issue) in 11 European countries. Immediately ahead for Frank Spain awaited administrative matters, Committee meetings, and attendance at Rotary gatherings in the U. S. . . . In Paris the President was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor. In Bordeaux he was honored with membership in the order of "Commanderie du Bontemps du Medoc."

MEETINGS: Committee to Examine International Student Projects
Financed by Rotary Clubs or Rotary Districts.....Nov. 1-3.....Chicago
Executive Committee.....Nov. 5-7.....Chicago
Committee to Devise a Plan to Make the Nominating
Committee for President of RI More Representative..Nov. 26-28...Chicago
Constitution and By-Laws Committee.....Nov. 29-30...Chicago

ACTING GOVERNOR. Serving as Acting Governor of District 280 (North Carolina) is Malcolm R. Williamson, of Waynesville, N. C. He was appointed by President Spain to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Governor Chandler W. Gordon, of Asheville, N. C., who is ill.

HOLIDAYS AHEAD. Coming up are end-of-the-year holidays for Rotary Clubs in many parts of the world. As meetings cancelled because of holidays are not counted in calculating attendance, Clubs were advised to meet before or the day after a holiday—rather than omit the meeting.

UP GOES FOUNDATION. Rotary Foundation funds continue to come in. In the European, North African, and Eastern Mediterranean Region, the Rotary Club of Verviers, Belgium, recently set a new high for Club contributions. A 100 percent Club (average of \$10 a member), it became a 200 percent Club when each member made an additional contribution of \$10.

ON TO MEXICO! Twenty-five Committees of Mexico City Rotarians are already at work on hospitality plans for Rotary's 1952 Convention. It's to be held in their metropolis May 25-29, will draw thousands of persons from all parts of the world. Remote as the date seems, action is indicated now—if you hope to go...for it is to be a "delegates' Convention" with a ceiling on attendance. These basic facts, assembled at press time, may aid the prospective Conventiongoer:

Who Can Attend? Each Club is entitled to one delegate and one alternate for each 50 members or major fraction thereof—and alternates may attend in addition to delegates. (Every Club, size notwithstanding, may have one delegate and one alternate.) A Rotarian who is neither a delegate nor an alternate may attend if named proxy by another Club in the same District. Past, present, and incoming RI officers (including District Governors), present RI Committeemen, and members of the Council on Legislation may attend without being named delegates, alternates, or proxy. All may bring members of their immediate families.

When to Apply? Now! Rotarians in the United States and Canada should notify the Rotary International Transportation Committee, 649 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. This they should do even if planning to drive, for this Committee will handle hotel reservations. All Rotarians outside the U. S. and Canada should contact the nearest offices of Thos. Cook & Son—Wagons-Lits/Cook, or the American Express Company.

What about food, clothes, hotels, flying, driving, etc? Watch for complete details as set forth next month by Clemente Serme Martinez, Host Club Chairman.

VITAL STATISTICS. On September 26 there were 7,383 Clubs and an estimated 349,000 Rotarians. New and readmitted Clubs since July 1, 1951, totalled 35.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

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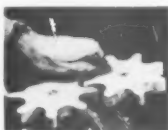
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The Editors' WORKSHOP

LET CHILDREN play with war toys? We asked the question recently of Child Expert Angelo Patri and Child Expert Martin Reymert and received interesting replies. They don't agree. Neither do the ten ladies in Rotterdam, Tegucigalpa, Manila, and other cities to whom we later put the problem. What they all answered—the experts and the ladies—makes a thoughtful, timely debate-of-the-month for our next issue . . . the one the fir needles and colored lights of peace will fall upon in thousands of homes. Watch for War Toys in December.

WATCH, too, for the name Edward Tomlinson. "Eduardo," as he is known to his friends from Peoria to Patagonia, writes for you next month on a subject of transcending interest in Rotary just now: Mexico. Georgia born, this famed interpreter of things Latin American has run up at least 500,000 miles of travel in the Americas . . . a good many of them in the land where from May 25 to May 29 Rotarians of the world will gather for their 1952 Convention . . . *Magnetic Middle America*, the Barbey adventures, *Speaking of Books*—, and *Spanish Lesson No. 2* all in this issue in your hands make good orientative readings for the Tomlinson story.

GEARS, but for what? Do we underestimate our audience when we predict that not more than one reader in 100,000 will know the function of this simple device? Yet most readers, in childhood if not now, well knew and dearly loved the product it fashioned. Next month—the same photo unretouched . . . and a journey back into some old days that in many ways were pretty good.



THE OFFICIAL publication of Rotary International, this Magazine is edited for and by Rotarians . . . but if a teachers' journal in Canada wants to reprint our recent article on schools or a diplomat in the Middle East asks to reproduce our less-recent study of Chile, why, that's a dividend to gladden the heart, isn't it? And it goes on all the time, this reprinting of your Magazine's contents in other magazines, newspapers, books, and radio scripts. Right now, for example, country weeklies across

the U. S. are "running" a condensed version of the Stein-Walker story about "Tired Towns" from our August issue. A rural newspaper service "picked it up" and mailed it to them. A fat batch of clippings at our elbow attests to the response editors gave it. . . . And here's a letter from a Club in Ontario suggesting that Rotarians, when reading their Magazine, ought to keep an eye peeled for articles and items usefully reprintable in their house and trade organs. A good idea . . . at least a good reminder—for many a reader has been doing it for years. . . . We had to turn down one reprint request recently, however. A fellow journalist in India wrote that he was starting a new publication and wanted blanket permission to reproduce everything in Rotary's Magazine.

"WHAT would you do if you were the—?" This month we present another in the lengthening series of symposiums under this heading. The case this time concerns the field of advertising. Earlier ones related to law, newspaper publishing, banana wholesaling, doctoring, and so on—all posing problems wherein the ethical and moral involvement is such that the simple question of "Is it honest?" does not quite suffice. It's good, at any rate, to get letters like the one this month from Ratlam, India, saying that Rotarians there picked up a recent "What Would You Do?" and made a program of it. Leads us to think this feature is helping to make Vocational Service real and understandable.

YOU'D say it couldn't happen in Rotary—but it did, to Jesse S. Bell, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, who tells us about it. Travelling in a State adjoining his, Jesse walked into a Rotary Club one noon—to "make up." No one paid any particular attention to him at the ticket table nor at the small luncheon table where he found a seat. None of the three other men already there spoke. After many long silent minutes, Rotarian Bell himself broke the ice by volunteering his name and town—at which the two men flanking him exclaimed that, why, they themselves were visitors! "Well, if this isn't a mess," the fourth man laughed. "I'm a new member of this Club and this is my first meeting. I'd begun to think this was the coldest bunch of men in the world!" There's more than one moral in the story, but the one Jesse Bell draws is: "Give them your name the minute you meet them."—Eds.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS



Acclaimed the foremost contemporary painter of American wild life, LYNN BOGUE HUNT began his career at 4 by snipping out paper birds. Colored crayons came next, and then close study of wild creatures, both on the wing and stuffed. After a term on the art staff of a Detroit newspaper, he moved to New York, where he now lives. When not at his easel, he is usually deep-sea fishing—with sketchpad handy, of course.

For more than two decades NORMAN L. SPER and football have been closer together than players in a signal huddle. He writes a weekly syndicated column, predicts the outcome of games via television. About 80 percent of his forecasts for 15 years, he avers, have been correct. He lives in California with his wife and son.



Sper



McDermott

Although fire prevention is his specialty, PAUL W. KEARNEY writes on a wide range of subjects. He has written four books and hundreds of magazine articles, many of which have appeared in THE ROTARIAN. He lives in Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT makes room for happiness in his daily living by "doing a little good and having a little fun along the way." A Chicago Daily News reporter for 30 years, he now free lances full time, has written more than 400 articles for leading U. S. magazines.

LAWYER GORDON R. MUNNOCH is a former Toronto, Ont., Canada, Rotarian. . . . G. RAYMOND BOOTH, a clergyman, is President of the Rotary Club of Avalon, Calif. . . . ATHOLE F. STEWART is a journalist.

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We Are Debtors to Sacrifice

*Armistice day is a time for remembrance—
of greater things than victory, measured by the spirit.*

By GORDON R. MUNNOCH

AT THE 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month 33 years ago, the order was given to cease fire and Armistice Day was born. It has become a day set apart for the solemn remembrance of those who gave their lives that you and I might retain our precious heritage of freedom.

It is not victory that we remember. We have learned that there can be no enduring victory. After three victories in one generation, we still move in a fragile simulation of peace that could shatter at any moment into a ghastly demonstration of man's new genius for destruction.

What is victory? Victory is that which must be bought with the lives of young men to retrieve the errors of the old. Victory is a battered thing courage must salvage out of the wreckage which stupidity has wrought. Victory is redemption purchased for man's hope at a cost so terrible that only defeat could be more bitter.

What of those who have gone forth? Major Miles Langstaff, one of Canada's most gifted sons who gave his own life in the First Great War, wrote these lines:

*I never thought that strange romantic war
Would shape my life and plan my destiny;
Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen his car
And grisly steeds flash grimly 'thwart the sky.*

*Yet now behold a vaster, mightier strife
Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy.
Defents and triumphs, death, wounds, laughter, life,
All mingled in a strange complex alloy.*

Those who have breathed the essence of comradeship-in-arms, who have seen the naked spirit face the peril, will know what this means. Men who live for eating, drinking, passion, and wealth will yet die for honor—will die for freedom.

What of those who died? If we are to contemplate this sacrifice in true perspective, we must learn to measure life by loss and not by gain. Science teaches us that there can be no destruction of matter; it can only change form. Is it conceivable that the metaphysical substance of the spirit made manifest in life can be destructible? The measure should not be the tale of years, but, rather, the intensity of living. Better a brief vision of the stars than a spirit dulled by the futile routine of a long procession of grinding years until it can no longer lift up its eyes. In the great and perilous adventure of war, there is a dilation of the spirit; there is a new concept of the fullness of life, perhaps because it may soon be laid down.

Consider the Battle of Britain, in which a handful of young men saved civilization. Never before or since has such a battle been fought. It was of these whom Churchill said, "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." Blinding fatigue, the wracking stresses of battle, the screaming tension of outraged nerves, were their accepted lot; yet they lived more in those days of unparalleled sacrifices than they could ever have experienced through three-

score and ten years spent in the market place.

We are all debtors to sacrifice. We are told in the Book of Kings that when David stood before the hosts of Philistines which were encamped in Bethlehem, he wearily said to the mighty men about him, "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate!"

Three of his devoted men took this remark literally, broke through the hosts of the Philistines, drew water from the well of Bethlehem, and brought it back to David. Then, recognizing his own folly and the danger he had brought to these men of valor, David refused to drink, saying, "Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?"

David refused to drink the water of sacrifice, but it is not possible for us to escape the sacred chalice. It is inseparable from our freedom, purchased at so great a price.

In these days of remembrance we should reconsecrate ourselves to the cause of liberty and gird ourselves to defend it.

Men did not die that statesmen might dally in the watch towers.

Men did not die that the upward urge of man to personal achievement should be destroyed.

Men did not die that others should conspire to obtain the greatest return for the least effort.

Men did not die that laggards might enjoy liberty and be slow in their turn to defend it.

We remain forever debtors to sacrifice. We honor the memory of these Knights of the Grail of Freedom. We offer our prayer of remembrance in reverence, thankfulness, and humility.

Quest EDITORIAL



Photo: McCurry

Fun Ahead

IF THERE'S a trace of puzzlement on the faces of these four small Californians, maybe this explains it: They have just come out of a great big room jammed to the rafters with shiny toys—a bewilderingly beautiful place where all you have to do is point at a dump truck, scooter, mamma doll, or parchesi set and tell the nice lady you'd like to take it home . . . and out you go with it just like this. Maybe Dad could buy you toys like this. Maybe he couldn't. No one asked. All you know is you've fine-ly got that trailer-trike just like Bobby's—and for two whole weeks. Then you'll bring it back and get something else fun. . . . From the junior point of view or from the adult, it's quite a story—and it's told in fuller detail on pages 22 and 23.

Must the MAJORITY Be Helpless?



Illustration by H. B. Epperly

History's recent pages hold a timely warning:

free peoples, to keep free, must keep together.

Distinguished British author and lecturer, Sir Norman Angell spent his boyhood in French schools and on Western U. S. cattle ranches. Returning to Britain, he launched a career as a news correspondent, magazine editor, and author of books interpreting political and economic events which in 1933 brought him the Nobel Peace Prize. His *Great Illusion* has been read the world over.—EDITORS.

by Sir Norman Angell

THE history of the last few years has brought to light a disturbing fact: The Western democracies everywhere increasingly tend to fall under the power of small minorities. This is happening because the majority, although resenting the despotism of the few, does not know how to defend itself and will not face the truths which might enable it to do so.

This tendency increases greatly the peril of the war we fear, and will, unless altered, destroy democracy in the West even though no war comes.

From time to time we are shaken into a consciousness of what is occurring by such incidents as a wildcat strike of a few hundred men, able, because of their strategic position in an industry, to compel the idleness of millions; a small railroad group closing factories across the country; a few truck drivers depriving a metropolis of its newspapers. But the matter goes much deeper. Most of the reputedly democratic Governments of the world can and do disregard the will of the majority. They derive their power from, and are made and unmade by, minorities. This is true of the

Government of Britain, of France, of Italy, of Belgium, and, in many respects, of the Government of the United States.

The frightening thing is not the mere fact of minority government. Some of the best Governments in history have been minority Governments, oligarchies. The Government which guided the United States in its first difficult years was such a one. But the situations now arising result in elimination of moderate leadership in favor of the extremists, who to keep their power exploit irrational public passion, and hysteria. Hitler exploited resentful nationalism and racial animosities. Stalin exploits doctrinaire fanaticism, invents "the war-mongering American capitalist-imperialist."

But Western statesmen, too, weave nets of public folly in which they become entangled. Lloyd George once avowed that in the matter of reparations he could not always have done the sensible thing because if he had the public would have torn him from office and replaced him by "someone even worse than himself." Baldwin made a similar avowal concerning armament. In my time I

have heard half a dozen French statesmen paraphrase George and Baldwin. It all helped to make the Second World War.

We now face even more difficult decisions than those which preceded that war. The problem is not merely to avoid war with Russia—that could be done by piecemeal surrender. The problem is to keep the peace while avoiding surrender. It involves a judgment of highly technical military, strategic, and political matters: the use of land as compared with air and sea power, the psychology of European and Asian peoples, how far to forget the past crimes of our enemies and turn them into allies, the use of economic resources at home, taxation, inflation, the treatment of labor, the attitude toward public servants—all very puzzling.

Confusion over these issues may reach a point where fatigue and irritation set up demands for sweeping decisions, where high tempers take charge. In such conditions a majority can so easily split into angry rival factions, with the most violent and the least

AN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE

scrupulous group apt to come out on top. That, again, was the story of Hitler, as it is that of Stalin.

Because government by a clique has taken a particularly dreadful form east of the Iron Curtain, we have come to look upon the phenomenon as special to Communism. Destroy Communism, we seem to say, and this tyranny of the few over the many will pass away, and democracy will be safe. Our memories are too short.

It is barely ten years since we were witnessing in the very heart of the Western world this self-same spectacle of a few imposing their tyranny on the many, the few being then the enemies of Communism and using the hatred of Communism as the very tool by which they imposed their detested power upon the millions.

Recall the facts. In a Bavarian beer hall there had gathered a little group of misfits, failures, unemployed, and gangsters. In so far as their existence was known at all, people laughed. In a few years that gang had become the absolute masters, first of all of one great nation, and then, directly or at one remove, of all the great nations of Western Continental Europe. All had fallen under the rule of an evil monster, and all did his bidding.

WHY? Why were 200 millions of Europeans, inheritors of all the wisdom of the ages, thus stricken with a paralysis, a submissive impotence? Was it because the weight of power was against them? But when Hitler talked in that Bavarian beer hall he had no physical power, no force, no armies, no police (any more than Lenin had when he captured the Russian State). He had nothing but a gift for understanding the meaner and baser forces of the human spirit and how to manipulate them to entrap the mind of the multitudes incapable of organizing resistance to him.

We are deceived by a curious illusion when we talk of a "tyrant holding down millions by physical force." Obviously, no one man could "hold down" millions. Physical force is on the side of the millions. If they are unable to use it for their own defense against tyranny, it is because of some failure

of the mind—failure of the capacity to cooperate, to agree what should be done. Even when Hitler had achieved the satanic miracle of subjugating the whole German people to his will, the preponderance of physical power lay against his purpose of conquering Europe. A dozen nations, the sum of whose population and resources was greater than Germany's, opposed him. But he knew that the passions of nationalism, the resentments of old historic feuds, to say nothing of internal dissensions, would prevent their action as a bloc, their defensive cooperation; that this would enable him to apply the "simple and deadly plan of one by one."

Having seen Hitler triumph and Stalin become his successor on an even greater scale, we of English speech assume that nothing in the way of minority domination could happen to us. Yet the simple fact is that government by minority has already arrived in Britain. It arrived in 1945 though no one

paid much attention to it. Newspapers referred melodramatically to a "great landslide," a sweeping decision of the British people to put Labour socialism into power. But the figures showed that it was nothing of the sort. More Britishers had voted against the Socialist party than for it. That party had polled little more than a third of the registered electorate, and 48 percent of those who took the trouble to vote.

Only one American newspaperman whom I can recall—the late Simeon Strunsky—put the matter in its proper proportion. In the year 1935, wrote Strunsky, ten Britishers are seated around a table, deciding they want a thoroughly conservative government. Ten years later the same ten are seated around the table, having gone through the greatest war of history, with all its upheavals. One of the ten has changed his mind about the nature of the government they need. He is the landslide, the "sweeping change in the



Photo: Wide World

mind of the British people," the revolution.

In 1951 there is some recognition of the fact that the Government brought to power does not represent the majority of the British people. If the Liberal party had had parliamentary representation in proportion to the number of votes cast for it, the Labour party would either not be governing Britain or would be quite unable to carry through such revolutionary measures as the nationalization (i.e., socialization) of the iron and steel industry.

But the anomaly goes much further. The minority government is itself dominated by a minority inside it. It is common knowledge that the majority of the Labour Cabinet was opposed to socialization of iron and steel at this juncture. But two or three members of the Cabinet, representing the extremists of the party, said in effect: "Push this bill through or we resign and smash the party." The Government, teetering on a razor-edge majority in Parliament, yielded. Thus, a revolutionary development which the country as a whole does not want, which the Labour party itself does not want, has been brought about by a minority within a minority.

THE majority is helpless in such cases because it is so easily divided. In Britain's case the anti-leftist electoral majority was divided between two parties, Liberal and Conservative. In France the division into parties goes much further, into a round dozen, so that government must always rest upon bargaining among minorities. Even in the United States, division within great parties even on the most vital of all policies is not precisely unknown.

Now, it is true that the essence of democracy is discussion, and the essence of discussion is difference of opinion. Where all think alike no one thinks very much. But the purpose of discussion in politics is to decide policy, agree upon action. We may discuss the rules of the road, but when we come to the final decision there must be agreement: automobiles must drive right or left. "Compromise" would be equivalent to

homicide. And the necessary agreements in politics cannot be achieved unless those who carry on the discussion have the kind of objective judgment which enables them to disentangle the vital from the less vital. Failing this, any majority will be paralyzed by internecine strife and become incapable of common action for defense against a disciplined and ruthless minority.

The differences dividing the majority do not arise in the main from conflicts of interest. For men are not guided by the fact of interest, but by their judgment of that fact, their opinion of it, opinion often false because twisted by irrational prepossessions, partisanship, panic, inertia. It is to the interest of the audience of a crowded theater when fire breaks out not to make a rush to the doors. But they do it, many losing their lives unnecessarily, as many lose their money unnecessarily in a market panic.

The people of Europe would be richer, less taxed, safer, if they made a union. Most of them admit it. All attempts to bring it about have been broken on the rock of nationalist instinct. It is not to a man's interest in any ordinary sense of the word, to force neighbors to think precisely as he does in, say, matters of religion. But the bloodiest and foulest pages of all history deal with man's attempts to do that precise thing—do it by means of rack, torture, inquisitions, autos-da-fe, and wars innumerable.

To make our defense secure we must avoid the old errors or get the old result. Peace and freedom can prevail only if reason and truth can. Reason can only live when we feel the moral obligation to restrain the baser forces within ourselves which tend to submerge it, to make us blind to it.

In a democracy each has to be judge of issues of life and death for his fellows. Make a comparison. A judge in a court of law knows that his first task is not to do justice but to find out what justice is in a given case; to get at the facts. He knows that no blazing moral indignation will discover the facts for him; they may well prevent his doing so. He must listen to evidence, consider

it in the light of other evidence. He must not emotionally jump to conclusions. Emotion there may be in a good judge, but it is the emotion back of the obligation to allow no prejudice, no hatreds, no "partial affection" to turn him aside from starkly facing the facts before him. Such is his code.

Is that the code which marks the Great Assize of an election? The headlines of the more popular daily press? Is it the "way of thought" which marks the great debate on those issues of life and death our democracies are obliged to decide?

OUR Bill of Rights has become a very long one. But there is no Bill of Obligations. We proclaim vociferously the rights of free speech; nowhere the obligation to listen, listen to those with whom we disagree. Any man who proclaims that he can never be wrong has closed the door on much chance of being right. Yet we proclaim that "the People" (that is, you and I) are infallible; the Voice of the People is the Voice of God. Democracy will not be safe until we face the fact that the voice of the people may sometimes be the voice of Satan—as when it sanctions the extermination of Jews; or lynching.

We cannot "make a law about it" because the efficacy of laws and constitutions depends on the way of thought of those who work the constitutions and live under them. The root fact is the quality of the individual mind. Unless we can go on constantly correcting our ways of thought, adapting them to a changing world, no laws can help us.

It is all very ancient and very new. When Socrates more than 2,000 years ago was asked why he had never held office, he replied, "Because no man can hold public office in Athens and tell the truth."

For a couple of centuries Athens maintained a civilization as fine in most respects as mankind has ever known. Then "the brief gleam that was Greece" faded. The city-States could not agree. They quarrelled, fought among themselves. And their civilization was laid open to the barbarian.

Is it going to happen to us?

Forget Yourself into Happiness

*It's easy. All you need to remember
is to do something for somebody.*

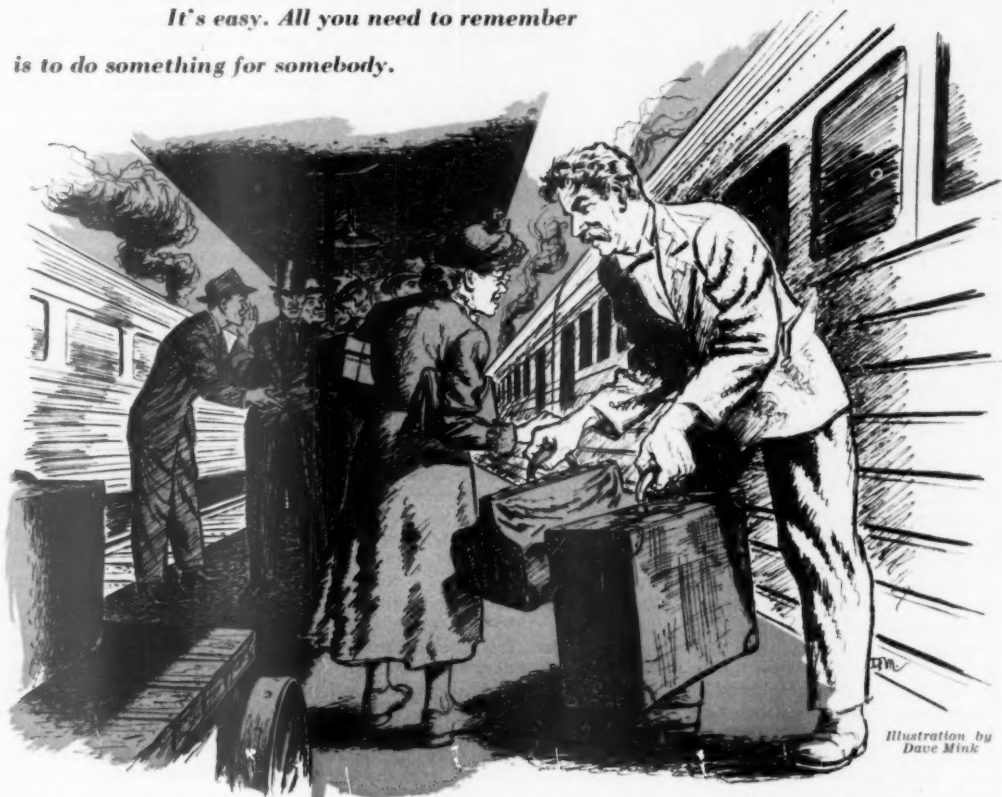


Illustration by
Dave Mink

"... with one stroke he scooped up her heavy suitcases and bundles."

By WM. F. McDERMOTT

A COMMITTEE of distinguished Chicagoans waited at the railway station for the arrival of one of the world's really great men. As he came swinging down the platform—this 6-foot-4-inch giant, with sprawling mustache and heavy shock of hair—the receptionists rushed to meet him.

"Good morning! *Wie gehts! Bon jour!*" he greeted them in three languages. They chatted animatedly, assuring him of Chicago's welcome. Yet as they talked, the visitor's eyes roamed frequently above and beyond them. Suddenly

his glance fixed on something in the distance.

"*Excusez-moi!*" he exclaimed, breaking almost into a run as he swept into the crowd of travellers. Stopping beside an old woman who was staggering slowly toward the train, he bent his massive shoulders low, extended his huge hands, and with one stroke scooped up her heavy suitcases and bundles. Then he bade her follow him. Weaving his way swiftly through the throngs, he took the woman to her coach, arranged her luggage in the rack,

bowed low, and wished her "*Bon voyage.*" Then he hastened back to the committee.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, gentlemen," he told the astonished party. "I was just having my daily fun."

"First time I ever saw a sermon walking," muttered a reporter.

"A lot of us stuffed shirts were unstuffed that moment," commented one of the reception group later with a grin. "We were astounded at first, and then realized it was just like the man."

The distinguished visitor, as

you may have guessed, was Dr. Albert L. Sweitzer, famous philosopher-musician-doctor-missionary of the South African jungles, whose habit for 40 years has been to practice kindness whenever he gets the chance. With him, it is a delight, not a chore.

There are many ways one can forget himself into such happiness—to put into personal daily practice the Rotary motto of “Service above Self.” The application of that motto in organized movements for social betterment is commendable—but it need not be limited to group activity. Anyone with an eagle eye and eager heart

A CLUB SERVICE FEATURE

can find numerous opportunities for bits of helpfulness here and there. Many people have found in the process real relief from the tension of high living.

A few whom I know have gone further than the haphazard doing of kind deeds. They practice a “specialty” of their own in helpfulness. There’s the wealthy elderly businessman whose wife died many years ago. Left alone, he lived in a luxurious downtown hotel. After his retirement, life bored him.

Now he had all the time in the world. Too sensible to indulge in self-commiseration, he decided to find someone to help. To the head resident of a settlement house, he said, “Find me the most desolate person in your neighborhood.”

She took him to a bedridden old-age pensioner, whose only callers for years had been social workers. The sick man was surly.

“He’s embittered, but if you’ll be tactful and patient, you can probably win his confidence,” explained the settlement-house head. “What he needs is a friend.”

In the slum area, the building was a dingy tenement, the halls and rooms dark, dirty, and smelly—enough to chill one’s good intentions. But the retired businessman was a stickler. He kept up his calls, bringing food one time, a new pipe another, and later a radio. Though he talked on myriad subjects, he couldn’t break through the barrier.

One day he chanced to speak of a Summer vacation by a lake.

“I got a nice muskie the first time I went fishing—.”

The old man perked up.

“You got a muskie!” he exclaimed. “I used to go fishin’ lots, and I caught a lot of muskies.”

It was the beginning of a real friendship; the old man, his mental fetters broken, loosened up and poured out his life story. With some help he entered an old people’s home, and there the two spend happy hours together.

Then the benefactor moved out into a widening field of research for unfortunates isolated and forgotten in the mad city rush. With his wealth and his personal attention he’s reclaiming many to health and usefulness. And in the process he has forgotten himself into amazing happiness in his new adventure.

I could name many unique “specialties” in goodwill in which people in varied walks of life engage. There’s the business executive, for example, whose hobby is to write job-getting letters of recommendation for worthy young people just starting out. He spends an hour or two of his busy day picking out an applicant’s best points for a particular job and choosing the best phrases to emphasize the qualifications. The letter, tailored to fit the situation, is restrained but clear and definite—and more often than not gets results.

I know a man who for years made it his hobby to take patients to the hospital and bring them home. First it was just to accommodate friends, but his willingness soon spread, and often strangers in an emergency would call and beg his help. He never turned them down. Most calls came from young couples about to realize parenthood, and more than once he stayed hours at the hospital to reassure impending fathers that all would be well. He never accepted a cent for his aid, not even “gas money” for his car.

In an Ohio city, not long ago, tenants of a large apartment building gave a surprise party for their landlord and presented him with a handsome gift. He refuses to rent to people without children, and he keeps on hand a stock of cribs, baby carriages, strollers, and other infant paraphernalia. These he lends without charge to

parents who must struggle to make ends meet. More than that, he gladly serves as “baby sitter” when a young couple wants to go out for an evening.

Here are some other “specialties” that intrigue: unofficial “road inspection” by a motorist whose hobby is to scan the highway as he drives along, stopping to remove from it broken bottles, boards with projecting nails, or pieces of metal that might ruin tires; “first aid” of a different kind to children, by a school janitor who is a “shark” at mathematics—after hours he helps youngsters with their arithmetic; and a sweet-voiced, 16-year-old girl who regularly sings for shut-ins.

One of the surest ways to forget oneself into happiness is to engage in a sustained campaign of paying deserved compliments to friends and strangers alike. This goes much further than the ordinary “thank you” for routine courtesies. It is saying pleasant things to others from whom we expect nothing in return. I know of a girl who detested her boss; a psychologist advised her to say nice things to him to improve their relations. It worked. She married him.

PERHAPS the most effective way to forget oneself into happiness is to become attached to some cause greater than oneself. “No one has begun to live,” it has been said, “until he has begun to live for a cause for which he is willing to die.” E. Stanley Jones, the great apostle to India, said on one of his returning visits to America: “American youth is clever, ambitious, and courageous; yet I find the young people woefully discontented. I feel it is because they are not attached to any great cause in service to which they gladly forget themselves.”

Fritz Kreisler, one of the world’s immortals, has never owned a home; he lives most modestly in rented quarters. He feels deeply the suffering of the poor, and forsakes luxuries in order that he may pour his large earnings into charity. Lou Gehrig, who played in something like 2,500 consecutive baseball games, turned down a \$30,000-a-year commercial-advertising offer in his last days to serve as a parole officer, helping

and encouraging those caught in crime to go straight.

Community betterment, prison reform, delinquency prevention, church service, world-wide relief of suffering—the opportunities for the lowliest citizen in the most isolated area, as well as for leaders in the great city, to serve in a cause greater than one's own welfare are innumerable. All one needs to do is to go seeking.

About the best example I know of one forgetting himself into happiness is an old, white-haired man who for many years was Chicago's leading society photographer. He had a luxurious establishment, the cream of the city's business in his field, and enjoyed great prestige and wealth. Then one day he decided to forego it all. Severing all connections with business and forsaking his profession, he betook himself to the ruins of a burned-out cathedral on the city's dingy West Side. There in the remains of a once-magnificent edifice, he arranged a makeshift shelter and started helping the city's derelicts. Need was the only criterion; no questions were ever asked. One day I asked him why he did it.

"Just yesterday," he said, "we were able to keep a desperate country girl, driven from her home because of pregnancy, from drowning herself in the lake. We found a refuge for her, where she could have the best of care until the delivery of her child, and eventually we shall get her a job. And we managed to get a decent funeral for a penniless old man. You should have seen his widow's gratitude. Isn't this more exciting than taking pictures?"

I know of no rational human being who couldn't forget himself into at least a degree of happiness. Rotarians are doing much of this personalized friendly service to individuals, but a great deal more needs to be done. The opportunities are numberless, and the urgency for the human touch is great. And it's all so easy—maybe just the friendly word, as in the case of Tolstoi, who, when a beggar approached him for alms, said: "I'm sorry. I have no alms to give you, my brother."

"You have given me more than alms," replied the mendicant. "You have called me 'brother.'"



Illustration by John Lehman

Lincoln on Thanksgiving

AROUND the Mediterranean, early peoples called it a feast to the Earth Mother and her child. Among the ancient Hebrews, it was Moses who instructed his people, "... after thou hast gathered in from thy threshing floor ... shalt thou keep a feast unto the Lord thy God."

The Greeks, even when their city-States were warring with each other, held a general truce for the autumnal festival of Demeter. Romans marked the harvest with the Cerealia, after the goddess Ceres.

In 1621, when the Pilgrim Fathers held their first thanksgiving in Plymouth Colony, they were not strangers to the custom. They had taken part in similar observances in both England and Holland.

Yet Thanksgiving as an annual national observance is firmly established as a custom of the New World, in the U. S. and Canada. And it was Abraham Lincoln who in 1863 formalized Thanksgiving as a regular national holiday in the United States. He was responding to the suggestion of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, and his words hold a timeliness for people today:

"The year that is drawing to its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God. In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to foreign States to invite and provoke their aggressions, peace has been preserved with all nations ... the laws have been respected and obeyed,

and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theater of military conflict; while that theater has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union.

"Needful diversions of wealth and of strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defense have not arrested the plow, the shuttle, or the ship; the ax has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased ... and the country ... is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

"No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.

"It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and one voice by the whole American people. I do, therefore, invite my fellow citizens ... to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next as a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father Who dwelleth in the heavens. And I recommend to them that, while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become ... sufferers in the lamentable civil strife ... and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty Hand to heal the wounds of the nation, and to restore it ... to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity, and union."

You Are the Advertising Man: What Would You Do?

You are the owner of a prosperous advertising agency. One of your old "accounts" is a biscuit company. You have been placing its advertising in newspapers, magazines, and on the air for many years. One day the biscuit-company manager tells you of "a great idea" for a new advertising campaign. "Check into the possibilities, will you?" he says. "Get me some facts."

You do that. You make consumer surveys in several localities and your research staff analyzes all you have learned. Then you go back to the biscuit maker. He studies your findings. "Better scrap the whole idea," he says. "It isn't nearly so good as I'd thought." You agree. Your counsel was to drop it. But you recall the time and money required to "get the facts," and you add: "I've invested quite a little—about \$2,000—in our exploration of your idea. I guess I'll have to bill you for it. Okeh?" The biscuit man says it is definitely not. "I never intended you should go so far with the thing. No, we're not going to stand that charge."

You are the advertising man. What would you do? Sue your client? Forget the whole thing? Or would you slip the \$2,000 bit by bit into production costs which the biscuit company regularly pays you on other business? What would you do?



1. The ad-man (left) hears an old client spring a "great idea" and add: "Get me some facts."

to lose quite a bit of money, and that he would find some means of increasing my business to the extent that the loss would be made good.

On the other hand, the loss may not be entirely his fault. If the advertising man intended to go so far as to spend this amount of money, he could have informed the manager of the biscuit firm and received his approval or rejection and then the situation would not have occurred.

Forget about It

Replies Charles H. Brackenbury
Mechanical-Stokers Distributor
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England

IF I allowed myself to get into such a position, I should kick myself for gross carelessness or for lack of knowledge of the people for whom I was working. I cannot believe that I should allow my firm to run up a considerable bill on someone else's account when it must at some earlier period have become evident that there were snags in the proposition which I was investigating. After spending perhaps \$500, I should have ordered a preliminary survey and should have informed the manager of the biscuit company of the result of these first investigations, asking him whether he wished me to make a further survey and warning him it would cost money.

If, however, I had, for whatever

A Duty to Get Tough

Says James Lightbody
Advertising Consultant
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

AS AN advertising consultant, I'd like to see this and other agencies get tough and bluntly refuse to handle accounts of clients who take advantage of a technical situation. After these accounts had bounced through several agencies, they'd learn to pay for expenditures incurred in their behalf.

Yet, in the case posed here, I'd say that the agency ought to admit it's in a jam, refrain from suing, forget the whole thing—and remember never to get into this same box again.

Actually such losses occur every day. Agencies expect them many times each year, in this and other ways.

It is all a question of who ordered the work done. If the client did, he ought to pay for it. The agency could stand just so many losses or go to the wall. And while that is the fate of numerous busi-

nesses that are inefficiently run, there is a loss to the business community every time one of them fails. It is therefore the duty of an agency, if it can still retain the client's business or if it cares, to collect even if it means getting tough.

Establish a Fund

Says H. B. Spruill
Tobacco Grower
Windsor, N. C.

CERTAINLY I would avoid a suit. The publicity which would be given one would damage the advertising firm far more than the loss of \$2,000.

Though this is a little out of my line, I should think that a large advertising agency would have a special fund to take care of such incidents. It has been my experience in dealing with all types of people that there is some good in everyone. Therefore, I would sit tight and hope that the manager of the biscuit firm would realize later that he had caused my firm



2. The ad-man and staff survey several localities and analyze the result to get the facts for the client—which costs the agency about \$2,000.



3. The client wants to scrap the idea, but balks at the payment of the \$2,000 fee. What should the advertising man do?

reason, allowed myself to get into the position stated here and was refused payment, I should be inclined to blame myself and do my best to forget about it. The idea of increasing my charges on future dealings would never enter my head. Neither would I attempt to sue him for the amount spent. It would be a loss which I should have to cushion myself, and it might even be that I should have bought my experience cheaply for an expenditure of \$2,000.

If, on the other hand, I felt sure that this loss had not been occasioned by any slackness or miscalculation of mine, but by some change of policy on the part of the biscuit manufacturers, then, if I could afford it, I should be very much inclined to ask my client—however old a friend he might happen to be—to find another advertising man.

Try to Talk It Over

*Suggests Adolf Fagerlund
Steel-Company Director
Stockholm, Sweden*

IF THE advertiser has been a good customer, I would certainly not sue him, but would talk it over and prove that at his suggestion I have incurred certain costs, asking then just the actual outlay. If he still refuses and I consider his attitude unfair, and provided he is a big prospective customer, I should try to keep his

business, hoping that by future transactions I should be reimbursed for my loss.

However, I could not draw the line and judge without hearing both parties.

I Would Be to Blame

*Holds Kurt H. Stubenvoll
Tire Manufacturer
Eau Claire, Wis.*

I CERTAINLY would not sue my client. Our past associations prove that he has always had full confidence in my agency, by having given me his business there many years. He thought so highly of my agency that when he had a new idea, he consulted me and asked that I investigate it. He was satisfied to drop the whole matter after my analysis convinced him that the idea wasn't so good as he thought.

I fully realize that I was partly to blame for the amount spent in making the analysis, because I did not explain to my client what this analysis might cost his company when he asked me to check into the possibilities. This was a mistake I shall never make again.

It would be most unethical to slip the \$2,000 bit by bit into production costs which the biscuit company regularly pays me on other business I am handling for it.

The transaction proved one thing: my client was looking for

About These Photos

WHEN it came time to illustrate this symposium, set in the world of advertising, we thought somehow of Florida and of the "crack" Magazine



Committee of the Rotary Club of Jacksonville.

Sending the Committee the sketch shown here, we asked: "Can you pose and shoot some photos like it?" The answer was the crisp series of photos across the top of this page, neatly illustrating this What Would You Do? case.

Scanning the 228-man roster of the Jacksonville Club, the Committeemen cast Hunter Lynde, advertising-agency president, as the advertising man. George Tobl, business manager of the Jacksonville Journal, plays the long-time client.

The agency aides in the second picture are (at left) Club President Arthur T. Erwin and (at right) Mrs. Edith Shepperd and Magazine Committee Chairman William M. Mason, Jr., lumberman.

That's the story behind the photos. Now read the views of our nine contributors, decide what you would do. Then why not write us your own brief comments on this Vocational Service problem?—Eds.

ways and means of increasing the volume of his business. This meant that a new program would have to be found to help him as well as my agency. I would, therefore, call a meeting of my key staff, present the entire story to them, and ask that a better advertising program be worked out.

This clearly illustrates that "He Profits Most Who Serves Best."

The Agency Jumped Wildly

Believes E. A. Resch
*Newspaper Publisher
Siler City, N. C.*

SUPPOSE you were a New York City manufacturer of automobile antifreeze, and you heard that a surprise cold wave was slowly moving into the New Orleans area. You reason there'll be a sudden shortage of antifreeze in that area. So you go to your sales manager and say, "Look into this New Orleans situation."

Does that mean you want him to pack his bags, jump on a train, and spend a lot of money traveling to New Orleans? Not at all. It means you merely want him to check sensibly and inexpensively into easily accessible sources—the Weather Bureau, etc.

Yet in the case posed here, the advertising agency has done exactly the opposite. It has jumped wildly into the matter, headfirst, without using inexpensive and available sources to determine the practicability of the program. It has also failed to return to the client to obtain more specific authorization.

Should your agency pass along

the cost of the survey through padded bill for production costs? Never! You'd be as guilty of stealing as if you dipped your hands into the client's pocket.

All agency men I know would, from their experience, be able (1) to foresee the probable expense of such surveys, and (2) to foretell instinctively the approximate outcome and results of the plan. No agency man in his right mind would spend \$2,000 on such vague instructions.

A Confession—a Resolve

By Merritt Owens
*Advertising-Agency Owner
Kansas City, Kans.*

ONCE when I was a much younger man in the business, I had such a problem. At the time it seemed fair to let "the account" absorb the loss, so we recovered our outlay by adding a little to production or other bills as we went along. But I was never quite sure just when we had reached the loss, and at times had the very uneasy feeling I was actually taking money that didn't belong to me. So—never again!

Now we wouldn't go into a research project—certainly not one involving \$2,000—without a definite understanding as to who would pay the costs. But sometimes misunderstandings do arise. We have had cases in which we agreed to forget the whole matter and absorb the loss. We have had others in which we "bowed our back" and insisted the client pay. Each problem is a different one, but, generally speaking, the rule

followed by most advertising agencies is, I think, this: take the loss if the account means enough and if insistence upon payment will jeopardize friendly relations, or insist upon payment if you don't care whether or not you lose it. In either event, it's important to learn something from the experience and never let it be repeated. Advertising-agency profits are too slim to write off losses of this sort, and the client as well as the agency suffers from an unprofitable operation.

Meet Halfway

Urges Alfred Tisch
*Citrus-Fruit Grower
Chico, Calif.*

I WOULD, of course, have had an understanding regarding the amount in any preliminary survey with my client before I went ahead.

But assuming that I had not done so. I would try to get my client to meet me halfway. Failing in that, I would forget the whole thing, particularly as this is an old account on which I have made money in the past.

I would definitely not include the \$2,000 bit by bit into future deals, but would make certain that my client and I would have a definite understanding on any future undertakings of a similar nature.

Here's Our Solution

Explains Hunter Lynde
*President, Advertising Agency
Jacksonville, Fla.*

HERE'S how we would handle a situation like that—not in solution, but in prevention:

First, we use a conference report in which all instructions from the client are summed up, and in which are incorporated the terms on which the work is to be done. Then before any work is done we prepare an estimate and authorization form. This is submitted to the client. He signs the original and keeps a copy for himself. Thus, before work begins, he knows what the approximate costs will be. This prevents arguments later.

The Four-Way Test

1. Is it the truth?
2. Is it fair to all concerned?
3. Will it build goodwill and better friendships?
4. Will it be beneficial to all concerned?

A guide to business and professional conduct, this test was devised in 1933 by Rotarian Herbert J. Taylor, of Chicago. Holding copyright to it, he has granted Rotary International permission to use it—Clubs around the world promoting its use by their members and the public.



Photos: Carnegie Institution



Magnetic Middle America

FOR tens of centuries men have felt the attraction of the sunny lands at the center of the Western Hemisphere. Before recorded history, restless tribes used them as a bridge for migrations—and some of them settled down on the bridge. Since then, other men have come, to the tune of creaking sail rig and droning aero-engine, to make Middle America their home.

Now Rotary responds to the gravitational pull of the region—scheduling its Convention for 1952 in Mexico City (May 25-29). You, if you attend, will sense this magnetism. You will also sense the greenness—for green is the color of Middle America. To the ancient Mayans it was the sacred color. It tinted the gods of fertility and the plumage of the quetzal bird whose feathers were used as money. Green naturally, for the Mayans built their civilization, the highest of all indigenous to America, on agriculture. Striking remnants of it remain—one being the temple at Chichen Itzá, Yucatan, Mexico, pictured above.

Nearer Mexico City you will see the spectacular ruins of other Indian

civilizations—the Toltecs, Zapotecs, Mixtecs, and those empire builders the Aztecs. To the east, and seaward, you'll note the imprint of the stalwart Caribs, who gave their name to these waters.

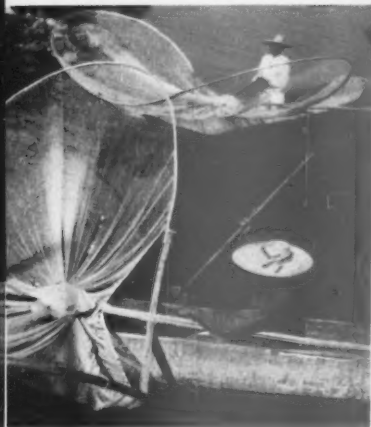
About the Antilles you'll observe, too, the marks of the British, French, Dutch, Portuguese, and even Swedes and Danes—all of whom felt the region's magnetic tug. But most of all you will see the influence of the Spanish, whose fabled galleons made every port in the waters, ballasted themselves with New World treasure, warred with pirates and freebooters, and brought Spanish colonists to implant their way of life.

Now you can see what drew these people to Middle America, and what they left behind. And you can travel in comfort and choose any clime from muggily tropic to frigidly glacial. Most of the cities, you'll find, are balmy and healthful, naturally air conditioned by ocean breezes or rarified altitude.

And there are 226 friendly Rotary Clubs in the area for "making up" attendance. For glimpses of what you may see, turn this page.

**Picturing the realm of
Rotary's '52 Convention.**

Pintoresco is the word—in Spanish—for fishing scenes on Mexico's Lake Pátzcuaro.



From baroque to moderne runs the architecture of Mexico City. Rotary's 1952 Convention site. Here you are looking between pillars of the Palace of Fine Arts.

(Above and below) Harris; (right) Kirkland from PTU



MIDDLE AMERICA—A CHART

A CONVENIENT term generally descriptive of the region between the Rio Grande and the old Spanish Main, Middle America can be said to include (1) Mexico, (2) Guatemala, (3) British Honduras, (4) El Salvador, (5) Honduras, (6) Nicaragua, (7) Costa Rica, (8) Panama, (9) Cuba, (10) Dominican Republic, Haiti, (11) Puerto Rico, (12) Colombia, (13) Venezuela, and islands in the area.

A rural parade in Guatemala led by veiled horseman.





(Above) Browning from PD

Havana, a city of some 850,000 people, is patterned by coastal curves and angles of fine hotels.

The Colombia Caribbean port of Cartagena withstood many a pirate raid. This colorful plaza fronts on a famous monastery.



(Above) DeSoto; (below) Vauxhall from Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)



Map by C. J. Scharle

Oceans of underwater oil are enriching Venezuela. These tideland derricks are pumping in the Tia Juana field.



Mayan motifs, like this statue copied from the ruins of Copán, tower over a park in Tegucigalpa, capital of Honduras.

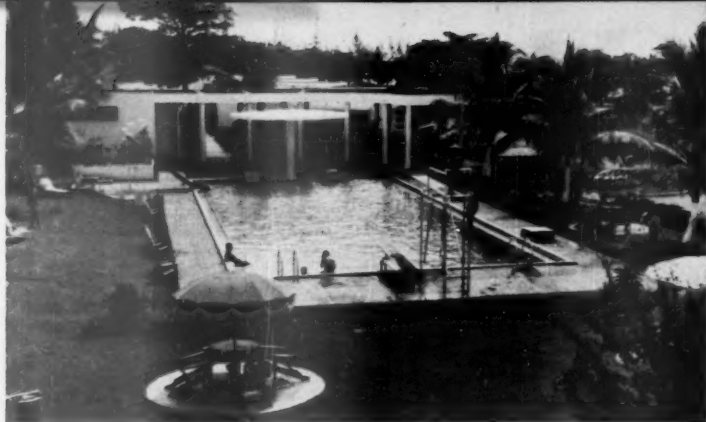


This city park in Managua, capital of Nicaragua, is new. Like the rest of the city, it was damaged and rebuilt after an earthquake in 1931. Famous Lake Managua is near-by.

(Left) Hancock from Geodrean; (below) Pan American World Airways

The million people of Costa Rica are proud of their air lines. An air freighter (above) unloads cargo into a gaily decorated ox cart. (At right) Visitors pause to "soak up local color" in Panama City, the crossroads.





New swimming pools, up-to-date hotels attract tourists to the oceanic Dominican Republic.

San Salvador, capital of El Salvador, is a modern city of 100,000 residents.



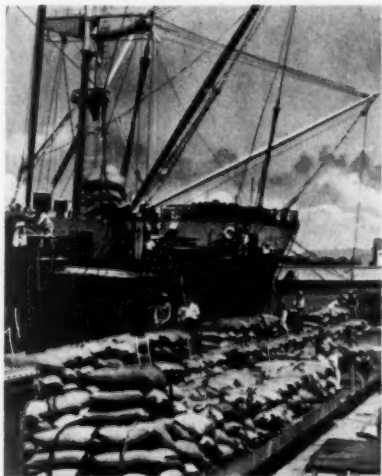
(Above) Quetzilias; (below) Wide World

Americas on the Move

IT WAS Cuba's picturesque Isle of Pines that gave Robert Louis Stevenson the backgrounds for his renowned *Treasure Island*. So it is said. Whether or not, it was a prophetic choice, for Middle America is rich indeed in treasure. Today the great region, with its some 50 million people, is pulsing with new projects to bring this wealth to the surface.

Cubans are flocking to buy television sets since Havana began commercial telecasts last year. In Puerto Rico, Caonillas Dam affords power to turn the wheels of new industries. Great new buildings are rising in the capital of the Dominican Republic, oldest city in the New World. In Haiti an ambitious program for agricultural development is under way.

On the mainland the Pan-American Highway is threading Central America into an economic whole. New businesses are building from Mexico through Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, Costa Rica, El Salvador, and Panama. Caribbean harbors in Colombia and Venezuela are churning with busy freighters and tankers. Helping to shape these exciting developments are more than 7,000 Rotarians with active programs of local betterment. You can see their results. For in new towns and growing cities, Middle America is on the move.



Booms hoist bags of raw sugar into the holds of a freighter alongside Puerto Rican docks.

The warm sun and fresh surf of Caleta Beach have helped to further the fame of Acapulco, on Mexico's Pacific Coast. Deep-sea fishing is, of course, unexcelled there.

(Left) Watson from Gendreau; (below) American Airlines



Mexico's most famous tourist scene is this: Xochimilco's boats and floating gardens.



Toys to Lend

IN MOST ANY city of 135,761 you can walk into a free-lending library and take out a book. In Sacramento—which has precisely that many people—you can walk into a free-lending library and take out a toy! ... be it a beanbag, baby doll, or bejewelled bicycle. All you have to do is (1) be a child, (2) take a little pledge to carefulness, and (3) bring the plaything back two weeks later.

It's all something the 316 Rotarians of the California capital started a year ago—to spread fun a little further among the city's children. Called the Rotary Toy-Lending Project and organized right down to Form No. 7A, it works like this: At four fire stations Sacramentans drop off old toys right through the year. From these collection sites trucks trundle the battered assortments to Folsom Prison where 30 inmates repair and repaint them—dolls, however, going to a prison for women for their rehabilitation. Then, duly catalogued, the gleaming toys go on shelves in two Toy-Lending Libraries—one specially built by Rotarians in an industrial neighborhood, the other a room in a park field house (shown on page 7). Here "Toyrarians" are in charge—these being wives of Rotarians trained in toy-lending arts.

Then two days a week in swoop the kids—I got side-swooped during my visit—and out go the toys. Good care of your first borrowing earns you points that entitle you to check out bigger toys next time. Ultimate for boys: a bike. For girls: permanent adoption of a doll—with official papers and all.

Results? Already a decline in petty thefts from stores. A lot of joy you and I would be foolish to try to measure.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

Photos: (left) McCurry; (above) Bee



Sacramento's citizens gather up toys by the armload to take to receiving points for the Rotary project.



In Pour the Toys

From schools and fire stations, Rotarians gather dolls, steam shovels, and wheelbarrows.

A small girl makes a big contribution—an outgrown chair—for refurbishing.

Carted by Rotarians to Folsom Prison, the toys are repaired and repainted in a toy workshop, completely equipped by the Rotary Club.



Prisoners Fix Them



Even worn-out electric trains can be fixed by electricians, carpenters, and metal workers. Said one prisoner: "Maybe I'll make some kid happy."



Out They Go



In the Toy Library, little girls choose dolls, each one bathed in a germ-killing solution after each borrowing.



"Toyarians" are wives of local Rotarians, trained for the work. They mark up points for a child's promptness.

A good check-out record brings its rewards, like the "jet pedalled" airplanes and the happy smiles here.

Ulster County vs. Cancer

How some folks in New York's Catskills teamed up

to build a tumor clinic even Big Town can envy.

By PAUL W. KEARNEY

THERE are about 800 people in the little Catskill Mountain community where we spend our Summers. The nearest doctor is 11 miles away—even the closest veterinarian is 20 miles distant. Apart from two grocery stores and a garage, we have none of the modern facilities which city folk take for granted. Even to get your hair cut you drive 14 miles.

Last Spring one of our neighbors was afflicted with a mysterious ailment which might easily have baffled nine out of ten general practitioners with their limited time for involved diagnosis. Yet despite the fact that this is Rip Van Winkle country, our neighbor was examined for an hour apiece by five eminent specialists. For \$26 he got a series of X-ray pictures which would have cost him at least \$250 in any metropolitan hospital.

The final diagnosis was a rather rare affliction known as Boeck's sarcoidosis, a puzzling affliction if

not a fatal one. Today he is as good as new, secure in the knowledge that he didn't really have cancer—as all of us secretly thought.

Yet even if the trouble *had* been a malignant growth, his chances of licking it would have been just about perfect. Because, even living in the "sticks," he had available the services of what is probably the most unique cancer institution of any small community in the United States: the Ulster County Tumor Clinic.

Not yet a year old, this clinic was spawned of a diverse parentage. A physician in Kingston, the county seat, lost his wife to cancer, mainly because there was no up-to-date treatment available closer than New York City, and this brought the problem home to him. Other local medical men were

also concerned about the general situation. Finally, the County Board of Supervisors found itself with some \$350,000 in a reserve building fund, accumulated during the war period from tax monies when it was practically impossible to build.

For some time there had been much agitation for the erection of a sorely needed County Building to house various administrative offices under one roof. But with more than 300 new cancer cases

Photos: (below & right) N. Y. S. Health—Schore



Next, a dental surgeon examines her.

being discovered annually in the county—adding to a backlog of more than 1,200 hold-over cases—the members of the County Medical Society persuaded the unusually open-minded members of the Board of Supervisors that a cancer clinic was far more vital than a concentration of offices for officials who already had offices.

The net result is the tumor clinic which cost about half a million dollars to build and equip. The bulk of the money came from

A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE

In this picture sequence you see some of the steps in a typical examination at the Ulster County Tumor Clinic. Playing the rôle of a patient is one of the Clinic's 500 volunteer workers. (Below) The \$500,000 clinic building.



Photo: Brentwood



First, the patient registers at the desk.

the taxpayers' building fund; one-third of the total was contributed by the Federal Government; substantial contributions were made by the American Cancer Society. As a consequence, Ulster County, with a population of less than 90,000 people, is being serviced with the last word in the detection and control of a scourge which is now taking one member out of every two American families. And the principal reason for this ghastly toll is belated discovery.

The thing which makes this clinic unique from all others in the United States is that its direction



Here, a check of the head and neck.

and control are entirely in the hands of the County Medical Society. Sixty leading physicians and 15 dentists have qualified to practice there—all except a visiting consultant from New York and a full-time radiologist serve without pay.

The advantages of such a setup are self-evident. The governing body—the Ulster County Medical Society—is not interested in making money as a group of private physicians operating a sanitarium would naturally be. They are not beset by political influence or pressure as too many municipal institutions are. They are not distracted by the countless complications and problems of the general hospital which, today, is invariably understaffed and overcrowded, yet they are located quite near the community's two hospitals, the Kingston City and the Benedictine, where all surgical cases are



Now patient goes to examination room.

sent. In short, the men who run the clinic have but one problem and one purpose: to lick cancer.

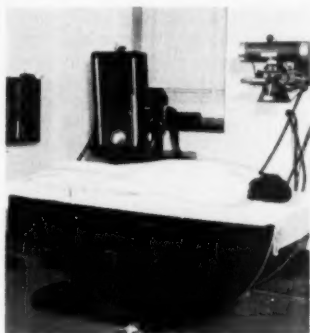
A large part of this effort, of course, is educational: talks to civic groups and radio appearances by staff members, paid advertising in the local newspapers, distribution of American Cancer Society literature, and the energetic work of more than 500 lay volunteers in helping put across the importance of early diagnosis. These volunteers also provide many services in the clinic such as library and secretarial work—even baby sitting for waiting patients in an attractive little room fitted for just that purpose.

Nor is the educational work limited to the lay public. The whole clinic is an educational institution open to physicians from all over the area (adjoining counties as well as Ulster) for research and study. Particular emphasis has been placed on dentists who, in the vast majority of cases, are the first ones to see cancer of the mouth and tongue. A special dental department has been installed to train these practitioners in the earliest possible detection of this affliction.

Many people assume, of course, that the name "tumor clinic" is a bit of psychology to escape the dread word "cancer." But as the doctors point out, there are hundreds of kinds of tumors, only

about 20 percent of which are malignant: they want to see them all early in the game. And the more than 400 patients who accepted the logic of this doctrine in the clinic's first ten months of operation received truly superlative service at what amounts to ridiculously low prices.

In other words, under the auspices of the County Medical Society—and entirely independent of any hospital or group of doctors—the clinic is not intended to be a money-maker. Patients pay what they can afford. The standard rate for an X-ray treatment—which



Modern X-ray "eyes" aid diagnosis.

would cost \$25 in any big city—is \$5. Yet a patient who may need 50 treatments may pay only \$10 or \$15.

If a patient comes in "cold"—that is, not referred by a physician or dentist—the initial examination fee is \$20. If he is sent by his own doctor but has no clinical report, the fee is \$10. If he arrives with a report on a complete examination, the fee is only \$3, with \$1.50 charged for repeat visits.

For these modest charges the patient gets, in this 50-room, three-story building, the last word in the detection and treatment of tumor, malignant or benign. The equipment includes such things as a stereoscopic diagnostic X ray, a planigraph for taking pictures of the anatomy at any given depth, a fluoroscopic attachment which permits the surgeon to "scout" for a given trouble spot within the body, then make an X-ray picture when he finds it.

Facilities are available for the

latest thing in hormone and radium treatments, and two deep-therapy X-ray machines are at hand—one of 250,000 volts and the second, of 260,000. The clinic also has a superficial X-ray therapy machine of 100,000 volts. These three machines alone represent an investment of some \$50,000. Obviously, country doctors cannot afford such things. And while either of the two hospitals in Kingston could doubtless raise the money for such excellent equipment, they haven't the space, under their present overcrowded conditions, to house it.

The upshot of it is that there is probably no metropolitan center in the country that can offer more to the cancer victim, at any price, than this homely little Catskill Mountain community of 87,000 souls.

Charity? Not by a long shot—the idea of accepting charity doesn't go over so big up in those hills. Each patient pays what he can. And, in view of the public-health aspect of the problem, the taxpayers pay the rest: a sum equal to \$3 a year per taxpayer for a period of ten years. After that

it is expected that the clinic will be self-supporting.

Unusual as it is, such a comprehensive grasp of the problem seems simple enough when you merely break it down to the fundamentals.

"Only to meet the existing problem was not enough," says the County Medical Society in its recent annual report. "A visionary, farsighted, and even seemingly extravagant plan had to be conceived to satisfy the little-known handicap of the physician in this area. . . . The immediate care of the known patient is already felt with relief. The practical and educational participation of the staff and physicians is taking definite form in a tentative laying out of services. . . . The physician can no longer serve in the legendary and traditional rôle of medical advisor alone. The people themselves need and require more. The privileges and ethics of the physicians have been given comparable consideration with the right and welfare of the patient."

At first a good many physicians shied away from the project because they felt that it was just an-

other form of socialized medicine, but it wasn't long before they changed their viewpoint. As a spokesman for the clinic summed it up for me not long ago: "The way in which the Board of Supervisors and the Ulster County Medical Society have worked together to provide this clinic is unique. A way has been found for the people, through their elected representatives, to provide the needed therapeutic facilities—beyond the reach of the average small community—without hardship to the individual or to the taxpayer. At the same time we have left the physicians free to practice medicine without the curse of political control. On an ever-widening basis, this arrangement could be the answer to socializing the doctors."

Be that as it may, the fact remains that, in Ulster County, New York, the unique project is a full-scale frontal attack on one of our most dreaded killers. Certainly there are thousands of communities now totally lacking the costly facilities required in the war on this scourge, that could profitably copy this procedure on a county-wide basis.

*A ringing jars the dinner hour,
The table sways with sudden power
Then bangs its legs back into place
As soup runs down your startled face.
He sprints away on sneakered feet
To the telephone, where old friends meet,
Who have not seen each other since
An hour ago at the back-yard fence.
You hear a high, voice-changing giggle,
And feet (on the wall) begin to jiggle,
As he (and the wire) begin to sing
A tune they seem to call The Thing.
Listening with growing awe,
Arriving at the final straw,
You yell, "Your dinner's getting cold!"
... Then hate yourself for being old—
Remembering headlines tonight
Glaring beneath your reading light ...
And a voice within you cries,
Keep that twinkle in their eyes—
Let them sing their merry song,
It is so brief—and war so long.*

—ANNIE CLYDE McDONALD

Don't Bet on Football

Between goal posts lie hidden factors
that make the sport highly unpredictable

I DEVOTE 12 months of the year to studying college football. I travel thousands of miles simply to check on the Spring training of squads. I correspond regularly with 200 coaches and colleges and annually get 2,000 players' opinions of linemen and backs they have personally played against. My files contain the most complete, up-to-date information and statistics I am able to get, carefully systematized to help me select the winners each Autumn week-end. Yet I am wrong 20 percent of the time—and I wouldn't bet a dime on any one game.

There are three general types of people who bet on football games. They are the sucker—a bettor who thinks he knows something and doesn't; the emotionalist—usually an undergraduate or alumnus who bets from his heart rather than with his head; and the professional gambler. On many occasions, too, a professional gam-

bler becomes a sucker for a smarter one in the same racket.

All these people, in my book, should have their heads examined. Football involves too many variable factors for betting.

The stunt of predicting a winner by looking at past scores made against common foes is certainly not reliable, although many foolish bettors think it is.

In late October, 1926, two Pacific Coast giants—"Pop" Warner's Stanford Indians and Howard Jones's Southern California Trojans—were due to clash, with a Rose Bowl invitation probably rewarding the winner. The comparative-score selective system indicated the Trojans were a shoo-in, an opinion reflected in the 3-1 odds posted by the gamblers and accepted by the suckers and emotionalists. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were bet on the game.

The Trojans lost, 13-12, when Stanford's Dick Hyland caught a

third-quarter pass from Biff Hoffman and ran away from All-American Morton Kaer, Trojan safety man. An upset? In general opinion, perhaps. In a few minds, definitely not. In this instance, as in most, an important factor had been overlooked by the odds makers: shrewd Pop Warner had never placed his best combination on the field prior to that Trojan game! Previous scores meant nothing.

Hyland and George Bogue, Stanford's best halfbacks, had been used with weak guards who gave them inadequate blocking, never with Stanford's Captain Fred Swan and Don Robesky, Warner's best guards. Yet that named quartette had worked to-

By
NORMAN L. SPER

Want to Join a Volcano?

SOME people flee in horror from a volcano in action. But in Hawaii they rush to see the terrific pyrotechnics of an eruption, and take out a membership—for life!

A unique society called Hui-O-Pele now has a registered roll of more than 33,000 men, women, and children who have visited the awesome home of the legendary Pele, Goddess of Volcanoes in Hawaii and Polynesia. These members are proud of their handsome certificates sealed in fire, but they are equally proud that most of their life-membership fee is expended for some public good in the volcanic wonderlands of Hawaii National Park.

Only last year the Hui-O-Pele turned over to the Hawaii National Park superintendent a check for \$7,000 to pay for the beginnings of an interpretive display of the park's bizarre attractions. This exhibit will be housed in the park's museum on the very rim of the famous Kilauea Volcano. Other Hui-O-Pele contributions through the years have built wayside shelters, mountain rest houses, and even an early-day museum on Uwekahuna Bluff overlooking the main crater of Kilauea and its steaming dust-belching core, the fire pit of Halemaumau. It was from this seething caldron, so legend has it, that Pele pelted to death her lovely young sister, Hiiaka, with red-hot lava in a heated quarrel over Pele's handsome boy friend, Prince Lohiau.

Pele (pronounced to rhyme with "Nellie") is one of the best known and most spectacular figures in Pacific Island folklore. Pele and her illustrious family, in their meanderings, fired up craters in many lands. But she chose as her home the Hawaiian Islands. Her journeys there coincided with the development and dying out of volcanic action on Kauai to the north and on the largest and most southerly island of Hawaii, her last residence, where lava still periodically flows.

In Mauna Loa's nearly 14,000-foot-high crater of Mokuaweowe (Island of Lurid Burning), Pele stages a mighty production. Her last outbreak in June, 1950, on Ma-

una Loa sent three probing fingers of fire down to the sea, destroying lush ranch lands.

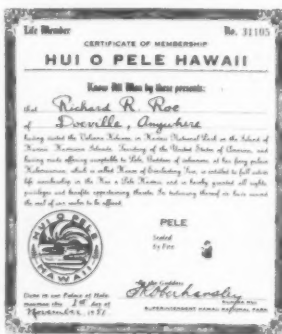
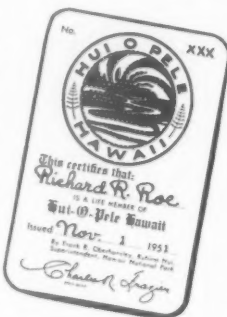
Technically, membership in Hui-O-Pele is tendered to all who have viewed the crater of Kilauea, whether it is active or not, but actually the membership is open to anyone who witnesses the Mauna Loa eruptions. You can see this spectacle in an easy three-hour round-trip airplane flight from Honolulu.

Hui-O-Pele was started in 1922 by the Honolulu Athletic Club. The idea blossomed and grew, so that the Hui has numbered among its members many world-famous people, including two U. S. Presidents. The Kuhina Nui (Prime Minister) of the Society is always the superintendent of Hawaii National Park, now Frank R. Oberhauser, a Hilo Rotarian.

Other Rotarians give their warm support to this volcano society. Dr. Thomas A. Jagger, famed volcanologist and a Hilo Rotarian, serves on the governing board. President Charles R. Frazier and Auditor Harry P. Field, both of Honolulu, are Past Governors of Rotary District 150. Honolulu Rotarian W. O. Cogswell serves as secretary.

Each year the Hui certificate of membership graces the scrapbooks of about 1,000 new members. But now the Society hopes to step up this rate. The goal is to double its donations to Pele's park.

— George T. Armitage



gether in practice all season as Warner prepared his trap for the overconfident Trojans.

How can the average better know that sort of thing? Even the average sportswriter misses it.

Another amusing instance of a factor beyond the knowledge of an average bettor was told me by Bill Alexander, former Georgia Tech coach. This time not even the Tech boys themselves knew what was going on.

Alexander and his squad were on a train going to Pittsburgh. The squad was in bed, and Bill went to the lounge car for relaxation. He fell into conversation with a young man seated next to him and, as was natural at that season of the year, the talk turned to football. Alexander, however, was tired of football at the moment, and preferred to say he did not know anything about the game. "I'm a hosiery salesman," he explained.

"I'm a substitute quarterback on the Centre College team," the young man said—and up went Alexander's eyebrows and ears. Georgia Tech was scheduled to play the great Centre team (led by the famous "Bo" McMillin that year) the week after the Pittsburgh game. At that moment one substitute quarterback closely resembled a pigeon about to be plucked.

"Tell me about football," said Alexander. The youngster did. He even pencilled diagrams of Centre's formations and plays, as the Georgia Tech coach expressed difficulty in understanding football's terms. It was quite a course in football, and enabled Georgia Tech to beat Centre 24-0 eight days later. Even his team did not understand how Bill Alexander had scouted the Praying Colonels so well. It is certain no sucker, sentimentalist, or gambler knew that a train-riding subquarterback, going home to see a sick mother, was to be a factor in the game.

In early Fall 1941 I visited the University of Mississippi to see Harry Mehre, then coaching the Rebels. He was having alumni trouble. I asked him what their main complaint was. "Tulane," he said. "I've got to beat Tulane or I'm cooked."

I knew [Continued on page 46]

Classification: *DIVING*

A tug-of-war with a giant octopus

is all in a day's work to Al Hanson.

ENCASED in 200 pounds of diving suit, Al Hanson was walking around on the ocean floor one day when, from behind him, a big black octopus tentacle reached out of an underwater cave and curled around his waist. Powerless to uncurl the great suction-cupped arm, he felt himself being dragged back toward the cave entrance. In a moment his legs had been drawn inside, and only by bracing himself against the rocks could he keep his body free. Then, seizing the trunk of a tree kelp, he pulled for dear life—and the octopus, finally growing bored with the tug-of-war, let go and retired to his shadows. Whew!

Close calls like this are pretty much all in a day's work for Rotarian Alfred Hanson, of Avalon, California. He's a deep-sea diver who specializes in bringing up from the ocean floor around Catalina Island that rare and delectable gastropod mollusk known as abalone. Gourmets favor its sweet meat. Trinket makers work wonders with its iridescent shell. Abalone fishing is indeed quite a business around Catalina, the industry harvesting some \$400,000 worth a year. A good business but risky—in a very personal way!

During the 8,000 hours Al Hanson has spent under water, his life has often depended on quick reflexes. When tangling with sting rays, for instance. This creature, which resembles a becloaked Dracula, sometimes measures 8 feet across. What does a diver do when a ray moves in to share the abalone catch? Well, Rotarian Hanson testifies that driving a knife into the ray's eye will do no good. He did that once, and the ray continued munching abalone undeterred.

Appeasement doesn't work either. After handing a greedy ray several abalones in hopes he would go away, Diver Hanson found the ray's great pectoral fins settling around him. It took some lively moving to work out of that hug.

At other times Rotarian Hanson has romped with killer whales and sharp-toothed sea lions, and once hitched a ride with a passing shark, catching onto its tail for a tow. He has also dealt with such crises as fouled air lines and boat wrecks. Ably but modestly relating these high adventures, he has become a popular speaker in his community—especially in youth groups. That's one reason why



Avalon's Al and Norma Hanson—she claims a women's deep-diving record—examine specimens they've brought up from around Catalina waters.

the Avalon Rotary Club has put him on its Youth Service Committee. Incidentally, he has a youth project of his own in his four healthy youngsters.

To his audiences, Diver Hanson shows a map bearing the approximate locations of 500 wrecked ships, some of which carried gold. One of them, the fabled *Yankee Blade*, had a gold cargo valued at 3½ million dollars—which explains why he spends his nonfishing time looking around below the waves.

Even his hobbies are related to submarine life. He takes underwater photos, and he has taught his comely wife, Norma, how to dive—so well, in fact, that she has a claim to the record dive for a woman: 220 feet. On the strength of this, her husband tells his fellow Rotarians he is the "world's champion wife-dunker."

Just now the Hansons are planning a trip—a busman's holiday to Mexico to look for specimens of underwater life for an "oceanarium" they're building. Yes, it will have an octopus. A junior size, thank you.

—G. RAYMOND BOOTH



Doffing their helmets, the whole Hanson family models submarine gear, even Rotarian Hanson's mother (third left). Note baby sea lions in children's arms.



Australian orphans reknit family

ties in a Rotary-supported home.

By **ATHOLE F. STEWART**

Rotarian, Swan Districts, Australia

WHEN ten years ago World War II swept to the shores of Australia, we naturally learned some lessons in defense. At the same time, we learned other unexpected lessons in matters quite unrelated to war—such as how to take better care of orphan children.

Shortly before bombs battered our Northern port of Darwin, the governing board of an orphanage in the Southwest corner of Australia met one evening to discuss what must be done if invasion came. The girls' unit of the orphanage, all knew, stood in a danger area near the sea. The girls must be moved, but to where? Well inland stood the boys' unit of the institution. Could the girls be housed there, just temporarily, of course? It would be "risky," as one board member pointed out. It would be unorthodox, to say the least, for orphanage practice in Australia called for separation of the sexes. What choice had the board? The girls would have to be thrown in with the boys. Thus in a few days the move was accomplished—and, though a decade has passed, the girls have never moved back. So salutary did the mixing together perhaps prove that officials resolved never to revert to the old system.

That was the beginning—that accident of war—of a developing process that has made Swan Homes in the State of Western Australia a children's home unique in this land of 7½ million people and of interest perhaps to all earnest men and women who strive to compensate the orphan

for the chance at family life he was denied. Indeed, Swan Homes tries to reestablish as much of that family life as possible—reuniting the children of a family under one roof and sending them forth as young men and women proud of their brothers and sisters and eager to maintain the family tie.

It will surprise no reader of this Magazine—who in his own Rotary Club helps plan the great annual Christmas party at the local children's home—to know that there are Rotarians in the picture. Swan Homes is indeed the particular care of the Swan Districts Rotary Club—a friendly aggregation of 36 men who live and work in a series of little communities south of the Swan River and meet every Thursday noon at the Friendly Society Hall, Midland Junction, to eat, sing, enjoy each other's fel-

lowship, and plan some new service they might do their region. Always in their figuring is Swan Homes—which they aid by serving on its board, contributing their pounds, and taking the youngsters on outings of many sorts. Headmaster of the Homes is our own Rotarian Roy Peterkin.

Son of a goldfields identity of the booming '90s, tall, genial Headmaster Roy Peterkin is devoting his life to bringing out the gold in the hundreds of children who pass through Swan Homes. The mixing of the boys and girls, reuniting of separated brothers and sisters, the cottage system—all these are tools he has developed for that vital mining process.

"Under the old barracks system," Roy explains, as he guides you over the beautiful acres of Swan Homes, "the boys were



Tom and Rosalyn share a desk-for-two in the district school; they get to study and play with youngsters from near-by farms and vineyards just as other children do.

The four D— children watch the Homes' lively canary birds.

Walking home from school, this girl's little brother prefers a shoeless stroll.



herded together in one set of dormitories, the girls in another—with one or two attendants in charge.

"As you see, we house the children in lovely cottages—some 20 boys and girls to a cottage—with a cottage mother watching over them. Thus we allow for a more colorful, interesting life for the youngsters, with opportunity to develop their individual personalities. With our cottages, central hall, dining hall, store, and workshops, we produce a children's village that brings happiness and contentment. It is our ambition to make each of these parentless children regard himself in all other respects the same as the majority of other children."

It is because of this ambition that Swan Homes runs no school of its own. Like any other children, these of this unique establishment attend public school, with equal opportunity to win scholarships and go on to higher education. Thus no longer must these boys and girls view farm labor or domestic service as the ultimate attainment within their reach. All life is open to them now.

In all this, the reuniting of family remnants plays a large part. Rotarian Peterkin will never for-

get one such reunion. Three of his boys had three sisters whom they had never known in another institution. Obtaining permission to bring the latter to Swan Homes, Roy introduced the youngsters to each other at the station. They stared dumbly at each other. Motoring them to one of the cottages he pushed them all together in a room and left, saying, "Now get to know each other." Gradually the ice thawed and the little people came out of the cottage smiling and chattering—like brothers and sisters. Now grown and out starting families of their own, these young people write to each other, send gifts back and forth, and cherish the family tie which while it may have been made in heaven was reknotted at Swan Homes.

Today a new chapter is being written in the story. Among the thousands of migrants from the old world coming to Australia are many orphan children—and about

100 of them have been steered to Swan Homes. Mixing, playing, eating, and fighting with young Australians of their own age, they become indistinguishable from the rest of the group in a matter of weeks—except perhaps for the accents of their homelands. It is one of the swiftest acclimatizations ever accomplished. When their stay is ended and they go out to begin their careers, they will be able to compete on an equal basis with their Australian-born contemporaries.

Each time I visit Swan Homes and watch these clean, happy, well-fed, active youngsters work and play, I study the young faces, and, giving them 30 or 40 years, picture them as our doctors, engineers, housewives, nurses—and prime ministers—of tomorrow. Then I go home saying that anything my Rotary Club and I can do to help them win through to it is not one jot too much.

Rotarian Roy Peterkin (left) introduced the cottage type of unit at Swan Homes. . . (Below) A cottage mother reads a story to her large brood in front of their tree-shaded home.



A COMMUNITY SERVICE FEATURE



Two Choco Indians pose with the author on his Sambu River expedition in Panama.

I Retired to

ADVENTURE

*A Swiss banker, free of business cares,
makes new friends in American jungles.*

WHEN you aim at a pair of leopard eyes glowing in the light of your campfire, be ready to side-step the instant you have pulled the trigger. For even in his death throes a leopard can spring upon you and claw the life out of you.

When you paddle a dugout canoe in jungle waters, make your body a fixed part of the craft, your arms an almost separate propelling mechanism. If you do not, you may upset yourself into waters alive with savage little fish and various sharp-toothed animals.

And when you are halted in a

tropic wilderness by a band of strange, mostly naked human beings who do not respond to any of the languages you try on them, smile, then puff your pipe hard, and hold up some fishhooks and knives as a gift betokening your goodwill. Then give the relationship time, and soon you will be sleeping in the strangers' huts and eating from their pots.

This, dear reader, is the sort of thing I have been learning in the three years since I closed my desk and career as a bank president—and retired to a quiet life of adventure in the noisy jungles of the Americas. What, you may ask,

ABOUT THE AUTHOR—Georges M. Barbey, who describes his recent journeys along the margins of civilization, was for 30 years director of the Swiss Bank Corporation, with wide business interests. He is a member of the board of the Swiss-American Society and vice-chairman of Geneva's Museum of Ethnography. A Past President of the Rotary Club of Geneva, he is 1951-52 Governor of Rotary District 86 (Switzerland and Liechtenstein), and is currently making visits to his 35 Clubs.



By GEORGES M. BARBEY

does a 67-year-old fellow who is nine times a grandfather want with such impractical facts? And what, indeed, does he mean by going globetrotting—at his age?

These are fair questions. I can answer them only by saying that as the years came on I found myself growing more and more interested in the peoples of this earth—the little-known races especially. If as a bank president I could not go to visit them before age 65, well, then I would go to see them after. And now having begun to get about among them, I have proved for myself the ancient truism that beneath the camouflage

AN INTERNATIONAL SERVICE FEATURE

of tailoring or jungle paint, men are much the same—by turn, curious, wary, friendly, selfish, and generous, and deeply grateful for any kindness they may find.

In a sense, my adventures in human understanding began when I joined Rotary in 1935. Before that time I was a man much absorbed in business—a little “cold,” you might have said. But my friends in Rotary awakened me to the world about me. I developed an interest in people—and in the studies of people, such as ethnology and archaeology. Soon I joined the Swiss Society of Americanism, a group in my home city of Geneva, interested in the American Indian.

Still, it was 1947 before I actually tasted the lure of exploration. Business took me that year to South America, and I made brief side trips into the jungle regions of Bolivia and Peru. I determined then and there that after I retired from banking I would seek out other remote places.

My friends in the Society for Americanism were eager to acquaint other scholars with their work. Our museum in Geneva wanted specimens, so I agreed to help out. Thus one day in 1949, accompanied by my daughter, I sailed for the Caribbean Islands and thence to Guatemala. When my daughter returned to Europe, I was on my own—and I promptly played Robinson Crusoe. I elected



On the Mexico-Guatemala border, the author is the jungle guest of the Lacandones, Indians who wear clothes like nightshirts and speak old Mayan.



A variety of transport carried the author on his expeditions: planes, trains, cars, canoes, and bare feet!



On his Sambu expedition in the Darien jungle, the Choco Indians offer thatched hospitality to Rotarian Barbey. . . . At left, he towers over his small hosts. Most Choco adults dye their skins in a black tattoo design.

Human Nature Put to Work



A friend of mine had a problem heating his shop to suit his men. Mornings, they came in from overheated cars, and the shop's 65 degrees felt cold. They turned the thermostat up to 80. When it got too hot, they turned the heat back and opened windows. It went on like that until my friend had a sudden inspiration. Calling in a mechanic, he had the thermostat disconnected and the temperature set permanently at 65. Unaware of this, the men continued to turn up the dial when they arrived and within a few minutes felt comfortable. Every night, just for the effect, my friend turned back the thermostat.

—J. A. Nowell, Bangor, Me.



Responsibility sobers, they say. I used the principle to get home from a party recently. Orv seemed—shall I say?—very sleepy and I doubted whether he could stay awake at the wheel of his car on the seven miles back to town.

"Will you do something for me, Orv?" I asked. "I'm awfully sleepy, and I'm afraid I'll go off the road. Will you follow me and blow your horn if you see me straying?" Sleepily, he agreed. So every few minutes all the way home, I would let my right wheels run onto the shoulder of the road. Orv would honk his horn. As he drew up beside me at his own curb, he shouted, "Gee, brother, I sure thought I was going to have to pick up the pieces!" He was wide awake.

—Doug Hill, Traverse City, Mich.



A Colorado Springs bakery which ships fancy cakes all over the country solved the problem of rough handling along the way. Attached to the outside of each box is a small bag of cookies with this tag: "Mr. Expressman, help yourself to a cookie—your reward for handling this cake gently." The bakery has yet to receive a complaint of a damaged cake.

—J. P. Anthony, Jr., Houston, Tex.

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.

to leave beautiful, modern metropolitan Mexico City and isolate myself in the little-known Rio Masucinta region on the Mexican-Guatemalan border. Hearing of a deserted mahogany mill in that area, I arranged for an airplane pilot to take me there in his small river plane, so I might sample this primitive tropic life. He would return to pick me up at a later time.

The old mill site was crumbling into jungle-forced decay. Nonetheless, I settled myself in its fetid ruins, stringing up a hammock, laying out my food supplies, and even arranging a primitive sort of table and cloth for dining.

It was a new and rare experience. Beyond the clearing of the mill, in the thick greenness of the forest, life teemed about me. I could hear the whirring sounds of insects, the calls of strange birds, and the eery howling of the monkeys. These monkeys produced two sounds, one as they expelled the air from their lungs and another as they wailingly inhaled. Since the sounds somehow resembled the shriek of a jaguar, I felt a trifle uncomfortable—especially since I was armed only with a machete and a mosquito net.

I had lived thus for several days, when, just as I was preparing my dinner, I suddenly got the feeling that I was not alone. I looked around, and on the other side of the clearing saw two Indian men watching me with curiosity. They were dressed in what resembled shapeless white night-shirts that reached to their ankles. Their hair hung loose and long about their faces.

I motioned to them, inviting them to come closer. They did. I addressed them in Spanish. No response. French and English were equally wasted on them. I later learned that they were Lacandones Indians, the only tribe that still speaks the ancient Mayan tongue.

Though our conversation was limited to pantomime, we began to visit. The older fellow showed an interest in my pipe; apparently he had never before seen one. Then his eye caught my hammock. When I showed him its use, he was enchanted, and began a series of gestures I had trouble under-

standing. I suddenly realized the younger fellow was a girl, apparently the man's daughter. And he was offering to trade her for a hammock!

It was a delicate situation. I tried to explain that I was already married; then I pointed to my white hair. He seemed unimpressed. I did not want to offend him, so I accompanied my firm refusal with gifts of fishhooks, knives, and perfume. We parted as friends.

A week later I was grateful for this friendship, for my plane was unaccountably delayed and I found my food stores running low. These Lacandones friends returned, offered me some of their foods, and invited me to their village which was only a short jungle distance away. Thus I gave up my solitary life to become their guest.

One day a girl came to show me a badly infected leg. She obviously was consulting me as a physician. I had already seen the hut of the village witch doctor, a dirty place with seven ceremonial braziers and medicine sticks. I felt that though my own knowledge of medicine was scant, and though I had always been somewhat sick-



Back to barber shops, the Barbey beard gets a trim at Rotary's 1951 International Assembly, Lake Placid, N. Y.

ened by the sight of blood, I must surely know more rules of sanitation than this man. So I determined to help the girl.

My remedy was simple. I washed the wound clean, swabbed it with mercurochrome, and bandaged it. The witch doctor watched the process fascinated.

When, a few days later, the girl's leg [Continued on page 49]



Umm! That U. S. delicacy corn-on-the-cob delights the cosmopolitan U. N. staffers.

World-Wide Week-end

A GIRL from Uruguay helped her hostess dry the dishes. A lad from Afghanistan made his own bed. The New England air rang with songs from The Netherlands, India, and Hungary.

This was all part of a two-day "Week-end in the Berkshires" in which the Rotary Club of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, played host to 100 members of the United Nations Secretariat. Every year the U. N. Workshop for World Understanding organizes this outing in New England's Berkshire Mountains, and a different local group plays host.

The U. N. guests, who came from 20 countries and every continent except Antarctica, made up the biggest week-end yet; they stayed with 62 Massachusetts families. They attended an evening concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Tanglewood. They picnicked and saw the scenery. Most of all, they got to know Pittsfield's people as good friends—a warm kind of International Service.

Overlooking the Berkshires, Rotarians and U. N. guests enjoy a picnic on the lawn.



Photos: Plouffe

NOVEMBER, 1951



As an educational part of their week-end, these Secretariat members see how silos work on a dairy farm.



Just 12 minutes after their train arrives, hosts and guests are having fun. (Below) They attend the concert.



PEEPS

at Things to Come

BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Purifying Glycerine.** Crude glycerine has been purified by distillation—a slow and expensive operation even when high vacuums are employed. Now glycerine is not distilled at all, but simply passed through a series of ion exchange resins. During this passage the color, odor, and ash are almost completely removed from the solution. This purified glycerine is at least equal to and in most cases superior to the distilled product.

■ **Patching Material.** A new material for resurfacing concrete floors is composed of dry cement-type powder made up of pulverized pure-oxidizing metal granules and four different kinds of aggregates, chemicals, and setting agent. The aggregates combine to produce a surface with unusual resistance to wear, acids, and oils. This product bonds perfectly to old concrete surfaces and provides a perfectly flush patch when used in areas of any size.

■ **Safety Floor Wax.** The great disadvantage of waxed floors is that they are slippery and cause many falls. This difficulty is now largely overcome by a floor wax which may have less slipperiness than ordinary wax. It is not soluble in water, and can be washed frequently without removal or water spotting.

■ **Cool Sleep.** A plastic mattress with four vertical chambers has the inner half filled with air, the outer half with water. The inner chambers are filled with a bicycle pump, and the water chambers are filled with a hose and, if necessary, a funnel. Body heat flows into the water, thence into air; the water is kept next to the body.

■ **No Shorts.** It is now possible to waterproof complete auto-light electric-socket assemblies so that taillights, headlights, and the like won't "short." The permanent waterproofing is accomplished by using much the same plastic solutions that are used for "self-sealing" tires against punctures and gasoline tanks against bullet holes.

■ **Tractor Wind-shields.** A canvas-and-plastic windshield and housing make a Winter protection for a tractor that increases its efficiency and use as much as 50 percent, it is said. The plastic is transparent.

■ **Pencil and Paper.** There's no need to search for paper when one has a newly introduced type of pencil, for it contains a roll of paper—standard adding-machine tape—on which memorandums can be made. Or postage stamps can be stored in the space, if desired.

■ **Dimmers.** For the motorist bothered

by the glare of the other fellow's headlights there is available a pair of eye-glasses that darken the oncoming lights, yet do not darken the road and do not have to be "looked around." They can be worn with regular glasses, too—or without them.

■ **Play Houses.** Thanks to plastics, we have three new play houses made of plastic film. Two of these are "low down"—they fit over one or two card tables. The third is supported by a rope between two trees, clothes posts, or similar projections.

■ **Crab Trap.** Crab trappers will be interested in a wire mesh box whose sides are controlled by a string at the top so that they drop when the trap reaches bottom and close when a luckless crab comes seeking the bait. It can be cheaply furnished. The wire is protected by plastic. The same string that closes the sides lifts the trap.

■ **Green Grows the—Plastic.** Here's a thought for Christmas: A plastic grass-like mat about 3 by 6 feet is available which is flameproof, rot proof, and moth-proof, so it ought to replace the old sheet under the Christmas tree. It is said to look like real grass from a few feet away.

■ **Mechanical Brain.** An airborne electromechanical digital differential analyzer has been specially designed for the flying laboratory that will work on the problems of aerophysics in the ob-

Photo: Bakerite



Tired of the expression on the doll's face? It can be easily changed—by wiping the plastic rigid sheet of which it is made with a tissue and drawing a completely new one with a crayon.

servation of guided missiles. Other "grounded" mechanical brains will check—from the ground—the results in the "flying laboratory."

■ **Hangers That Hold.** Remember when we'd cut a few inches of red or white rubber tubing and slip it over a metal coat hanger to make it "non-slip"? The younger generation, however, has the job all done for it. Coat hangers covered with plastic so that even silk dresses won't slip off are now available.

■ **Titanium Talk.** Titanium, which is only a little more than half as heavy as steel and nearly its equal in tensile strength, has been made in a pilot plant that promises as much as 80 percent reduction in cost. The metal now costs about \$5 a pound.

■ **Portable Garage.** A plastic sheet that will cover an automobile and gather beneath it with an elastic becomes a portable garage for a car that would otherwise be exposed. The plastic will not crack, peel, nor mildew, and it protects the car from inclement weather.

■ **Loom.** "Loom," that woven sleeve of fabric stiffened with graphite for covering electric wiring, has been partly replaced with "B-X" (armored cable) and now is threatened by electric insulating tubing made of plastic and braided glass fibers. It is available in numerous sizes and in at least seven colors.

■ **Fire Fighting.** After ten years of combating oil and gasoline fires, the Office of Naval Research has issued rules for fighting large quantities of ignited fluid, such as aboard aircraft. Foam, in foamite form, is piped to the site of the fire. It is the function of the water to cool the fire and allow the foam to lay a barrier that is vaporproof. A new pressure-foam generator is available which is provided with portable hose-line outlets and a special adjustable nozzle that can deliver foam in a straight stream or in a cone-shaped curtain, depending on the conditions.

■ **Face Rear.** Passengers' chances of survival in an airplane accident are much greater if they are facing the rear of the plane and are wearing a tight belt. At least two recent experiences of Britain's Royal Air Force support this view. The U. S. Navy is now installing rearward-facing seats in three types of planes. The pilot, of course, will still face forward!

■ **Ozone.** Ozone, a polymer of oxygen, has many uses, not the least of which is in its liquid form. It usually has impurities that cause spontaneous detonations. Recently, however, the thermal, mechanical, electrical, and chemical sensitizing influences have been removed, and tanks of liquid ozone can be safely used.

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

Speaking of

BOOKS

*These can join your travel folders
as you plan your Mexico Convention trip.*

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

WITH the selection of Mexico City as the meeting place for the next Convention of Rotary International, the interest of Rotarians all over the world is turned toward Mexico in increased degree. Books give us one of the good ways of satisfying that interest. With the thought that many Rotarians would like to include one or more books about Mexico in their pre-Convention reading, I offer this month some suggestions as to what seem to me the best books for this purpose.

Purely factual books about Mexico—guidebooks, and those which tell merely what to see, in a material sense, and what others have so seen—are clearly less important than books which reveal the spirit and quality of the people. Perhaps this is peculiarly true for Mexico. I am convinced that the Mexican people are a great people, that they possess rare and special qualities of the highest significance for the world. But it is clear that these qualities are not readily accessible or understandable to visitors from other countries. What we most want and need for our reading about Mexico is something that will help us to recognize and appreciate this rare and special quality of the land and the people: failing which, we shall not really know Mexico, no matter how widely we travel within her borders.

Books which truly grasp and express the spirit of a people are few for any country. Perhaps they are especially few for Mexico. I have considered many books about Mexico in preparation of this article. I have found only a handful that afford real illumination—the kind of spiritual insight that I would want as the most significant preparation for a visit to Mexico.

First in a list of books about Mexico which was published in *THE ROTARIAN* away back in October, 1934, I find *Viva Mexico!*, by Charles M. Flandreau. This is still one of the best books about Mexico, in the aspect which I have suggested—that of helpfulness toward an appreciative understanding of the essential spirit and quality of the people.

Charles M. Flandreau, later widely known as an essayist and literary critic, went to Mexico in the early years of the present century to manage a small coffee plantation. He wrote *Viva Mexico!* in 1908. Thus it was already an old book when *THE ROTARIAN* listed it in 1934. Great changes have taken place in Mexico since Flandreau lived there. Enormous progress has been made in many ways. Yet I believe that the people—whom Flandreau learned to know and love—must be still essentially the same. His sympathetic insight will be helpful to the visitor of today—and *Viva Mexico!* is a book abundantly worth reading for its own sake, whether one contemplates a journey to Mexico or not.

"The general Mexican scene," Flandreau says, "is always pictorial and always dramatic; it is not only invariably a painting, but the kind of painting that tells a story." He was especially impressed by the good looks of the people. "There is among all classes," he declares, "an extraordinary amount of beauty. In every Mexican crowd there are, naturally, a great many ugly persons and plain persons and average-looking persons. An omnipotent Creator for, no doubt, some perfectly good reason that surpasseth all my little understanding, chooses, in perpetuating the human race, to depart, as a rule, very far from perfection and even from charm. But in Mexico, although the departure can be as far, it is somehow not so frequent."

Flandreau was likewise impressed by the handsomeness of Mexican towns and cities. "Instead of giving an impression of dirt and neglect, of the repulsive indifference to appearances and general 'shiftlessness' we are so accustomed to in the small communities" in many parts of the United States, he says, "their best quarters always, and their more modest districts very often, are perpetually swept and sprinkled, dazzling with new calimine and, for thoroughfares so aged, incredibly neat and gay."

Perhaps this is an expression of the profound and vital local and national self-respect—pride in a constructive sense—which Flandreau recognized as one of the essential characteristics of the Mexican people. With it he emphasized politeness, a true and habitual courtesy (already diminishing, he thought, in metropolitan Mexico City, but universal elsewhere); and hospitality, generous and warmhearted. Not primarily the museums, the art galleries, the historic buildings, make a visit to Mexico memorable, Flandreau thought. "The most notable sight in Mexico," he insisted, "is simply Mexico."

Viva Mexico! is likely to be in your public library. Perhaps your bookseller can get it, though it seems to be out of print. It's a small book, and one highly readable. I believe you'll feel repaid for the small effort which may be necessary to get it. It will be no effort to read it!

Mexico is a continental country. Extending from the Gulf to the Pacific, and ranging from the Tropics toward the Pole farther than the distance between New Orleans, Louisiana, and Duluth, Minnesota, it displays vast variety in climate and soil, hence in products and occupations. No book which really penetrates beneath the surface aspects



Dancers of the Tehuantepec Isthmus are a colorful subject for Author-Artist Miguel Covarrubias in Mexico South.

of such a country can deal with more than a small section of it: though such a book may discover there the essential and universal quality of the people and the nation. Flandreau's *Viva Mexico!* describes primarily the tropical, mountainous region where coffee is grown. The landscape pictured in J. Frank Dobie's *The Mexico I Like* is that of the mountains and range lands of Chihuahua and Sonora in Northern Mexico, and the men and women we come to know and like in its pages are those of

Looking at MOVIES

BY JANE LOCKHART

KEY: Audience Suitability: M—Mature, Y—Younger, C—Children, ★Of More Than Passing Interest.

Alice in Wonderland (British-French). Cedric Marsh. Producer Lou Bunin uses live actors and rubber puppets. Less sprightly than current Disney version, interesting as a curiosity but not very entertaining. **M, Y, C**

★ **Bright Victory** (Universal). Peggy Dow, James Edwards, Arthur Kennedy. Moving portrayal of how blinded veteran learns to adjust himself to his new way of life. **M, Y**

★ **Cattle Drive** (Universal). Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell. Spoiled son of wealthy railroader, lost on prairie, is taken in hand by cowboy, through series of incidents learns to respect new and worthwhile values. Effective "message," beautiful photography. **M, Y, C**

★ **David and Bathsheba** (Fox). Susan Hayward, Raymond Massey, Gregory Peck. The Biblical tale of King David's love affair with his captain's wife, plus flashbacks relating his early exploits in battle. Dignified filming, with less emphasis on spectacle than is usual in Hollywood's Biblical dramas. **M, Y, C**

Flying Leathernecks (RKO). Robert Ryan, John Wayne. Exciting combat scenes celebrate the Marine air wing, particularly its exploits on Guadalcanal. **M, Y**

Jim Thorpe—All-American (Warners). Charles Blackford, Burt Lancaster, Phyllis Thaxter. Interesting biography of the triumphant, part-tragic career of famous Indian athlete who excelled in track, football, baseball, Olympic competition. Good character portrayals. **M, Y, C**

Odetta (British). True story of French-born woman who worked behind German lines for British secret service in World War II. Suspenseful, often harrowing, choppy editing makes some of the events hard to follow. **M, Y**

The People against O'Hara (MGM). John Hodiak, Diana Lynn, Pat O'Brien, Spencer Tracy. Lawyer, broken after bout with alcoholism, returns to criminal practice to save boy wrongly accused of murder. Neatly plotted, but stodgy and plodding in the enactment. **M, Y, C**

★ **A Place in the Sun** (Paramount). Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters. Sordid theme of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* given in commendable filming. Sensitive performances and understanding direction. **M**

★ **The Whistle at Eaton Falls** (Columbia). Lloyd Bridges, Lillian Gish. Semidocumentary treatment of labor-management theme as revealed in New England town, where labor leader, advanced to manager, learns that both sides have their problems—and merits. Film is a reasonable, effective document, at the same time provides entertainment. **M, Y, C**

the villages and cattle ranches of that region. As a Texan, Dobie grew up knowing and liking Mexicans. In 1928 and the following years, he tells us, "I made various trips on horseback or muleback, with pack outfit and *mozo* (combination guide and servant), wandering through the vast, unpopulated mountains of Mexico, lingering at ranches and mining camps, living the freest times of my life. The written result was this book."

Here again, then, we have a book about Mexico valuable not as a factual guide to the country today, but in a way much more important—as a revelation of the essential character of the land and the people, shown as they are in Dobie's pages in peculiarly intimate relation. J. Frank Dobie is a truly good writer, and he is at his best in this book. Few novels give their readers so warm and complete a sense of knowing their characters as does Dobie's portrayal of his wise and faithful *mozo*, Inocencio. Few novels are as consistent in holding the delighted attention of the reader. Few indeed leave the reader with so strong a sense of having added to his imaginative experience something substantial and lasting.

Dobie's book is remarkably clear and adequate in its accounts of the detailed texture of the life of vaquero and sheepherder. It is rich in humor and in dramatic incident, and is a storehouse of the fascinating folklore of these people. Above all, it is a loving and appreciative revelation of the Mexican people as Dobie saw and knew them—their courage, their generosity, their fundamental goodness and strength. Dobie's book was first published in 1935 as *Tongues of the Monte*, in 1942 as *The Mexico I Like*. Under either title, it's greatly worth reading. It may take a little trouble in the finding, but the trouble will be many times repaid.

Only one of the really new books about Mexico seems to me to possess the quality of significant insight I find in the two older books I have just discussed. This is *Mexican Birds*, by George Miksch Sutton, a large and beautifully printed and illustrated book which has just appeared. As the title suggests, description of the feathered rather than of the human population of Mexico is the chief purpose of this work. It is an informal record of an ornithological expedition—and one outstandingly readable and interesting, not only for the strangeness and variety of the birds encountered, but for the quality of the writing. Whoever likes the bird books of W. H. Hudson will find this book a delight, for Mr. Sutton is of Hudson's company as a naturalist and as a writer. For me, that is high praise.

Yet the value of *Mexican Birds* to the prospective visitor to Mexico and to the

general reader is not limited to its scientific content. When Mexican people figure in the narrative, they are seen with clear and friendly vision; and the land itself is pictured with remarkable color and vitality.

One other book I have encountered which seems to me to possess, in a wholly unpretentious way, the quality I have been suggesting in this article. It is *The Mexico We Found*, by Franchon Royer. I believe women readers will especially enjoy this informal account of the experiences of a mother and her four daughters in their living in Mexico.

The history of Mexico is as dramatic as her landscape. Of the great Mayan civilization which had decayed before the Spaniards came, many books have been written—most of them too learned and highly specialized for the average reader. The book in this field which I can recommend most heartily is *Maya Explorer*: John Lloyd Stephens and the Lost Cities of Central America and Yucatan, by Victor W. von Hagen. This book I reviewed with high praise in this department when it appeared.

For the Spanish Conquest, William Hickling Prescott's *The Conquest of Mexico* is still important. Fortunately, it is available in an edition for modern readers—minus the digressions and the footnotes—edited by Marshall McLintock. The reader of poetry will want to compare it with Archibald MacLeish's noble poem *Conquistador*. A work of high literary merit, though in a specialized field, is *The Horses of the Conquest*, by R. B. Cunningham-Graham. It is available in a handsome and appropriate modern edition. Histories of modern Mexico tend to be either too detailed and too highly specialized for the general reader, or partial and partisan.

For general background—fitting the Mexican scene and culture into the whole framework of Latin America—I recommend most heartily *The Green Continent: A Comprehensive View of Latin America by Its Leading Writers*, an anthology selected and edited by German Arciniegas.

Anyone planning a trip to Southern Mexico and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec will, I believe, find *Mexico South*, by Mexican artist-ethnologist Miguel Covarrubias, a rich experience—both for its artwork and its text.

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:
Viva Mexico! Charles M. Flandreau (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$1.25).—*The Mexico I Like*, J. Frank Dobie (University Press in Dallas, \$2.75).—*Mexican Birds*, George Miksch Sutton (University of Oklahoma Press, \$10).—*The Mexico We Found*, Franchon Royer (Bruce, \$2.50).—*Maya Explorer*, Victor W. von Hagen (University of Oklahoma Press, \$5).—Prescott's *The Conquest of Mexico*, edited by Marshall McLintock (Messner, \$5).—*Conquistador*, Archibald MacLeish (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50).—*The Horses of the Conquest*, R. B. Cunningham-Graham (University of Oklahoma Press, \$5).—*The Green Continent*, German Arciniegas (Knopf, \$3.50).—*Mexico South*, Miguel Covarrubias (Knopf, \$8.50).

BY THE WAY

ITEMS OF HUMAN INTEREST
ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS
NOTED IN THE ROTARY FIELD

CALLING HISTORIANS. Once upon a time there was a king named ROTARY I, according to a Sunday-paper clipping sent in by GORDON TONGUE, of Seattle (Wash., USA). Here's what it says:

"The first Rotarian! KING ROTARY OF LOMBARDY established a code of good fellowship and community service 1,300 years ago! The founders of the modern Rotary organization used his name and adopted his principles—yet they had never heard of King Rotary."

Believe it or not, this is news. Won't some kind historian supply more information? I've a file on Rotary oddities, but there's nothing in it about KING ROTARY I of LOMBARDY.

ROTARY RUNNERS. For six years the Borough of Godhra (Bombay, India) had been run by the State. The Godhrians decided to hold a general election. Five Rotarians and one "Rotary Ann," being "representative citizens," were persuaded by friends to stand for borough seats. They got them. It's somewhat remarkable because only 26 seats were open and because the local Rotary Club has but 25 members. Among the winners were the Club's Secretary, S. M. SHUKLA, and his "Ann."

CHESTER CHANGO! HENRY V. SCHEIDER was a surprised man. As Governor of District 265, he started his year, like every other D.G., by getting out a *Monthly Letter* to his Clubs. Then one day he got from the Rotary Club of Chester (Pa., USA) something that made his eyes twinkle. With sleight-of-hand humor Chester Rotarians were sending him a *Monthly Letter* of their own!

SPEAKER STOPPER. The late WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, renowned among Yale men as an inspiring professor of English and fondly remembered by readers of THE ROTARIAN for his book-review column, *Billy Phelps Speaking*—, once had a unique suggestion.

"Instead of having a long and stupefying dinner, followed by a long and stupefying speech," he proposed that the speaker come first. "Then we should all have a subject of conversation—and the speaker would not dare to talk indefinitely."

I've never seen it tried. Have you?

RE: ROTARY ANN. Everywhere you find Rotarians you'll also find "Rotary Anns"—"our Rotary Anchors," as somebody has called the ladies of Rotary. But did you know the name isn't official? That's right. Never has had an official blessing from the Board of Directors. "Rotary Ann" isn't listed in the "Glossary" of the *Manual of Procedure of Rotary International*. Few

distinctively Rotary terms are more sanctioned by use, however.

WHO STARTED IT? For the answer to that one, I ran down a rumor that led straight to H. J. ("Bru") BRUNNIER, the San Francisco structural engineer (he helped design the big bridges out there) who was Second Vice-President of Rotary in 1917-18.

"In 1914 the Western Clubs," he says, "joined to start a special train from San Francisco to Houston, Tex., for the Convention there. Until we got to Los Angeles, my ANN was the only lady aboard and so someone gave her the nickname 'ROTARY ANN.' In Los Angeles Mrs. MERRILL got on the train, so she and ANN were the only ladies with about 90 men for the rest of the trip to Houston."

"We were trying to get the Convention in 1915, so all sorts of stunts were planned and someone wrote a 'Rotary Ann' chant. When we arrived in Houston, some Rotarians grabbed ANN, put her on their shoulders, and marched around the depot singing this chant. We were all kids then, remember."

At the Convention the BRUNNIERS met

the GUNDACKERS from Philadelphia—Guy, who was to be RI President in 1923-24, and his ANN. She, too, was soon being called "ROTARY ANN," so it would appear that there were two original "ANNS"—BRUNNIER and GUNDACKER.

Guy's helpmeet passed on recently, but "ROTARY ANN" BRUNNIER still keeps up her old habit of accompanying Bru to Rotary Conferences and Conventions. And she is as vivacious and as charming as that day 'way back in 1914 when West Coast Rotarians carried her about



Ann Gundaker



Ann Brunnier

on their shoulders in the Houston railroad station and chanted "Our Rotary Ann, Rotary Ann!"

SHOULD 'ANNS' ORGANIZE? Since 1918 the RI Board has frowned upon the use of "Rotary" in any women's auxiliary units. Recording a decision in 1934-35, the official *Manual of Procedure* notes:

"The Board takes no action with regard to the advisability or inadvisability of the formation of clubs of



Who started men to thinking that employers had a responsibility to employees? That old-age pensions are a good idea?

ONE answer could be PLUTARCH. This ancient Greek writer was bitterly scornful of CATO, THE CENSOR, a Roman statesman who lived in pre-Christian times (234-149 B.C.), because CATO bought slaves cheaply and "these he thought proper to sell again when they grew old, that he might have no useless persons to maintain."

Warming to his theme that "goodness moves in a larger sphere than justice," PLUTARCH declared, "I would not sell even an old ox that had labored for me, much less would I remove for the sake of a little money a man grown old in my service from his usual place and diet. . . ."

Scorning CATO for having left his war horse in Spain to save the cost of freighting him back to Rome, PLUTARCH went on:

"We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods, which when worn out with use, we throw away; and were it only to learn benevolence to humankind we should be merciful to other creatures."

"For my part," he concluded, "I cannot but charge his using servants like so many beasts of burden, and turning them off or selling them when grown old, to the account of a mean and ungenerous spirit which thinks the sole tie between man is interest or necessity."

What's your anecdote illustrating the meaning of Rotary from a non-Rotary source? If it's used in this column, a \$5 check will be mailed to you for an activity (that you name) of your Rotary Club.



Plutarch

'I'm an Indian Now!'

About an old American custom and some prominent Rotarians.

IF YOU'VE seen the musical movie *Annie Get Your Gun*, you'll certainly remember the melody so effectively sung by BETTY HUTTON when she was bedecked by feathers by SITTING BULL and made a Sioux. At least five men who have headed Rotary could join in a "me too" refrain, for they, too, are Indians by adoption.

First on record is ALLEN D. ALBERT, of Paris (Ill., USA—not France), who was President in 1915-16. Six-



When the Blackfoot Indians made Allen D. Albert Chief Medicine Elk.

teen years later while en route to the Orient as a commissioner of Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition, he and MRS. ALBERT stopped off at Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park on the U. S.-Canadian border.

CHIEF TWO GUNS WHITE CALF, whose classic profile adorns the U. S. "buffalo nickel," officiated. And with appropriate ceremonies ALLEN was made CHIEF MEDICINE ELK—of Na-To-Ye-No-Ka, if you want the Blackfoot for it. MRS. ALBERT was also honored with the name PRINCESS MEDICINE WOMAN, of Na-To-Wa-Ke.

CHIEF GOOD NEIGHBOR was the title appropriately conferred upon ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA, of São Paulo (Brazil), who was President in 1940-41. The ceremony took place in



With elaborate ritual Tom Davis is made a member of a Blackfoot band.

Oklahoma City (Okla., USA) with dignitaries of the Poncas officiating.

Montana Crows, Cheyennes, and other assorted tribesmen overlooked their opportunity when TOM J. DAVIS, of Butte, was President in 1941-42. But not the Bloods of the Blackfoot tribe in Canada. When TOM was in Alberta on a Rotary mission in Waterton Lake, they surrounded him and with elaborate ritual made him a full-fledged member of their band.

Oklahoma aborigines have a fondness for overseas folk. Remembering how the Poncas honored a famous Brazilian, the Kiowas got busy when TOM WARREN, of Bournemouth (England), visited Oklahoma City on a Presidential tour in 1946. They presented him with a cherished war-bonnet and the name MAUTAME-GAH-AN-OIE, meaning GREAT EDUCATOR.

Most recent recruit to the Rotary circle of Vilps (Very Important Indian Personages) is FRANK E. SPAIN, the attorney who currently heads Rotary International. The ceremony, briefly noted last month, was carried out in Fort William (Ont., Canada) by the Thunder Bay District Chippewa-Ojibway tribe. He was given the



Frank Spain



Tom Warren

name CHIEF GE-WE-DIN, meaning CHIEF NORTH WIND—a delicate compliment, for it is the north wind that brings cold and snow, assuring the Indians of an abundance of well-furred animals to trap.

FRANK adjusted his new head gear with pride as he responded. Declaring it a high privilege to be an honorary chieftain of "the great pioneers of Canada," he pledged that his new title would be carried back home to his Alabama in the United States as "a symbol of friendship between your tribe and my tribe, your country and my country." Alabamians, he said, were proud of their heritage from the Choctaws and had adopted their watchword, "Here we rest," as a part of the seal of their State. To prove that he meant his words, FRANK joined his fellow Chippewa-Ojibways in a ceremonial dance. . . .

Now—has anyone been forgotten?

women relatives of Rotarians, but believes that the best interests of all concerned will be better served if they would refrain from using the word 'Rotary.'"

The Board of 1949-50 went further. It agreed that "there shall be no legal recognition of women's clubs auxiliary to Rotary Clubs." Sounds pretty final.

WAYWARD NOTES. Rotary isn't alone in having translation troubles. ART LOCKHART, of Long Beach (Calif., USA), remembers that "the Eskimo Pie people got into a peck of trouble advising Eskimo 'foot' in Mexico—'cause in Spanish *pie* means *foot* there." . . . A sustained salute from the hautboys to HARRY L. RUGGLES, "the man who started Rotary singing" and fifth member of Old No. 1 in Chicago organized in 1905. He recently celebrated his 80th birthday in the bosom of his Club, leading the singing and receiving a wrist watch as an anniversary gift from his appreciative fellow members. Also honored with a birthday watch was another member of Chicago's "Class of '05"—MAX GOLDENBERG, 83. And also present from that class was ROBERT C. FLETCHER, 83. Only four of the first Club's first-year members remain, the other man in the quartette being CHARLES A. NEWTON, now resident in California.

To the list of Rotary college prexies add: DR. WALTER D. HEAD, a Past President of Rotary International, who now is headmaster of Bergen Junior College in Teaneck (N.J., USA), and DR. HERBERT W. HINES, for many years on the staff of RI's Secretariat in Chicago, the new chief at Rocky Mountain College in Billings (Mont., USA). Lucky collegians in Teaneck and Billings!

Do you use the word "sing-song" for the musical part of your meeting program? Maybe it's Canadianese. At least I've picked it up in two Ontario Club publications—the *Rotagraphs* of Tillsonburg and the *Rotary Ambassador* of Sault Ste. Marie. . . . What about "conversazione"? This is from the bulletin in Newcastle-upon-Tyne (England): "Following this engagement a conversazione arranged by the Newcastle Rotary Club was held in the Old Assembly Rooms."

DOG TALE. In Ardmore (Pa., USA) lives GEORGE ADAM, JR. As a philatelist (fancy name for stamp collector), he often was made happy by a customer bringing in excellent stamps from Germany. GEORGE inquired and learned that they were coming from a relative who had more use for food than rare stamps, so in appreciation he sent several packages. This led to letter writing. Last Fall he learned that his correspondent's dog—one beloved because it had shared the horrors of the blitz—had been killed. Reading in THE ROTARIAN that ROBERT HAUSMANN, of Stuttgart, was District Governor, GEORGE arranged through him for a fine, 820 wire-haired terrier to be delivered to his letter-writing friend's door last Christmas morning.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

New Ties Bind Finland-Germany

GERMANY, recently provided an experience in international understanding they will long remember. By arrangements with the Rotarian fathers of the young Finns, the HANOVER Club hosted them for four weeks at a private school in BENEFELD, GERMANY. During the first two weeks, the visitors took part in classroom lessons and increased their knowledge of the German language. The third and fourth weeks were holidays filled with visits to several near-by German towns. Before they returned to Finland, the children stayed in the homes of HANOVER Rotarians for four days, were entertained at a picnic and a visit to a zoo, and were conducted through several local manufacturing concerns.

A Ham and Cup Shrink Atlantic

Aside from their membership in Rotary International, several other ties exist between the Rotary Clubs of BRIERLY HILL, ENGLAND, and ORANGE, N. J. Two of the ties are a 12-pound ham and a beautiful crystal cup. Both are explained this way: Several months ago the ORANGE Rotary Club sent a ham to the BRIERLY HILL Club, and recently the British Club reciprocated by sending a cup engraved with the Rotary emblem to ORANGE. Another bond in the Clubs' relationship has an ancestral origin: a BRIERLY HILL Rotarian and an ORANGE Rotarian are great-grandsons of the founder of the British glass works that designed the cup.

Map Makes 'Makeups' Easier

Travelling Rotarians have Rotary's Official Directory to tell them the date, time, and place of all Rotary Club meetings, but the SALEM, OREG. Club decided to go a step further. It felt that a map of Oregon showing the location of its 38 Rotary communities would be helpful to makeup-minded Rotarian motorists. It therefore published such a map and sent copies to all Clubs in Oregon, Washington, and California. The map indicates by means of Rotary wheels printed in red the location of Clubs, and specifies the meeting days.

Courtesy Wasted? Not in Paramus!

Salespeople, bus drivers, cashiers, waitresses, the man who reads the gas meter, and many other employees of business and industry in PARAMUS, N. J., were recently made more courtesy-conscious—and it was the local Rotary Club that did it. By awarding "courtesy citations" for exceptional demonstrations of thoughtfulness in business relations, the PARAMUS Club not only focused attention on the value of

courtesy, but also underscored the extent to which courteous treatment is appreciated. Its system for doing so included the presentation of a card complimenting an employee for his courtesy, an invitation to a Club meeting for awarding the special citation, and the sending of a letter to the recipient's employer informing him of the honor being accorded.

Winston-Salem Bends Twigs

For 50 high-school senior boys from 30 North Carolina communities, a recent four-day visit in WINSTON-SALEM proved eye-opening, challenging, and thoroughly enjoyable. They were there to take part in the first Young Men's Conference sponsored by the WINSTON-SALEM Rotary Club in co-operation with 29 other Clubs in District 281. Conducted to give tomorrow's leaders a close-up view of vocational opportunities in their home State, the conference included industrial tours and interviews with business and professional executives in fields of special interest to the boys. The youths also became better acquainted with WINSTON-SALEM Rotarians by lodging in their homes during the conference. The gathering had its lighter moments when the boys went on sight-seeing tours, attended a ball game, and took part in a "barber shop" song fest.

Texans Begin a Scholarship Plan

To the list of Rotary Districts that sponsor scholarship-award programs can be added District 187 in Texas. Comprised of 25 Rotary Clubs, it recently inaugurated an overseas-scholarship plan by enabling Luis Scherz, of VALPARAISO, CHILE, to study for one year at the University of Texas in AUSTIN. In Chile, the first award winner was assisted with his education in chemical engineering by the VALPARAISO Rotary Club. During his year at AUSTIN, Luis spoke to Clubs throughout the District, and was made an "honorary Texan" by the Governor of Texas (see cut). Already chosen for the next District 187 scholarship awards are two Brazilian students.

If Past Augurs Future—Whew!

If the past forecasts the future, then there's many a busy day ahead for the Rotary Club of CRANFORD, N. J. As noted recently by the Club's historian, CRANFORD packed the past Rotary year with activities both many and varied. Included were several joint meetings with other nearby Rotary Clubs, a shipment of candy to the Rotary Club of JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS, for distribution among children, a Halloween party for over 500 youngsters, and a Christmas gathering that



To help furnish the crippled children's ward of their county's new Memorial Hospital—chosen as "hospital of the year" for 1950—Rotarians of Lawton, Okla., present their Club's check for \$500 to pretty Charlene Price, a patient.

Photo: The More



Eager hands learn woodworking in the craft shop established in a local community center by the Rotary Club of Lawrenceville (Pittsburgh), Pa. It is fully equipped with modern tools.



"You're a Texan now," says Texas' Governor Allan Shivers (left) as he hands certificate to Luis Scherz, Chilean awarded District 187 scholarship (see item). Rotarian G. Marshall watches.

Photo: Rotarian



Tops in leadership! High-school seniors John Simmons and Peggy Frizzell receive leadership medals awarded by the Rotary Club of Union, Tenn. Club Member Carl Timm gives the awards.



"Man, what biscuits!" exclaim Everett Menasco and Carl Phillips, Drumright, Okla., Rotarians, to Biscuit Baker Horner Breeding (kneeling) when the Drumright Club hosted a local women's society at a Rotary-cooked banquet. The ladies have served the Club 20 years.



Scout Gordon Warner receives congratulations from W. R. Leopold, President of the Lewistown, Pa., Club, upon being chosen to attend the Boy Scout Jamboree in Austria under Club sponsorship. Gordon's father looks on proudly.



At the laying of a cornerstone for an assembly hall constructed by the Rotary Club of Calcutta, India, in a near-by town, the villagers place garlands of flowers on the site.

featured gifts, refreshments, and carol singing for members' children and grandchildren. The Club continued to maintain its boys' camp, on which \$11,000 has been spent since World War II, and it conducted a vocational-counseling program that took 87 boys and girls into many local offices, stores, and manufacturing concerns for career information. CRANFORD also helped to send ten teen-age basketball players to a tournament in Rome, N. Y., supported a "Youth Week," and increased its Student Loan Fund by sponsoring an auction.

Unite for Health in Mt. Pleasant

About two years ago the Rotary Club of MOUNT PLEASANT, MICH., took a serious look at its community's medical plans for child-health care and came up with an idea. Why not, it reasoned, unite the efforts of all local service clubs and public agencies in the task of providing medical attention and hospital care for the children of needy families? The idea soon had the support of the Kiwanis, Lions, and Elks Clubs; the county health department; hospital officials; and local druggists. To put the "combined operations" plan in effect, a screening committee was formed to select deserving cases and to apportion expenses among the participating clubs. Doctors accept without charge all cases approved by the committee, while the hospital and druggists provide services and medicines at cost. During the past year and a half 130 children from 92 families have benefited by the plan. Care has ranged from the providing of eyeglasses to performing needed operations. The MOUNT PLEASANT Rotary Club assumes all expenses for the care of crippled children, plus hospital and drug bills.

Bondri Junction Enriches a Fund

Gathered in SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, not long ago were some 800 Rotarians, their wives, and guests to attend a gala ball sponsored by the Rotary Clubs of SYDNEY and surrounding area. Held in the interest of the New South



At a three-day camporee attended by 2,000 Boy Scouts, this Scout Memorial Training Center, donated by the Portland, Me., Rotary Club, was dedicated. The building, situated on seven acres of land, serves as a war memorial and houses workrooms and living quarters.

Wales Crippled Children's Association, the ball produced funds for the Association's work. One contribution came from the Rotary Club of BONDRI JUNCTION and totalled £1,000. It was also the BONDRI JUNCTION Club which won the honor of having the most attractively decorated table at the ball. It featured a Club project: the sponsorship of a campaign for a railway in its area. Thus, on the table was a miniature electric train that travelled within a mapped-out area.

Good Marks Win Rushville Honors

"Virtue is its own reward," so the saying goes, and perhaps that's true of good marks obtained in school. Nevertheless, the Rotary Club of RUSHVILLE, IND., believes that scholastic achievement should not go unnoticed, and toward this end it recently held a scholarship-recognition banquet for 48 students representing each of the four classes of the local high school. Individual Club members served as hosts for each of the students. The Club has decided to make it an annual event.

From Bats to Tubas to Tomorrow

With an eye toward the future, Rotary Clubs help youth in many ways. In MONTGOMERY, ALA., for example, the local Club sponsors a softball league and recently provided \$150 for bats, balls, and trophies for winning teams. . . . In DECATUR, ILL., baseball also played a part in the Rotary Club's outing for 80 boys and girls from local institutions. The fun included nine innings of excitement, a band concert, a fireworks display, and refreshments.

For their outstanding extracurricular activities several senior classmen of a local high school were recently honored by the WOOD RIVER, ILL., Rotary Club. The boys selected were guests of the Club at meetings for one month. According such recognition to students is an annual event for WOOD RIVER Rotarians. . . . Another annual youth event is a golf tournament for high-school boys sponsored by the Rotary Club of CHATTANOOGA, TENN. Its aim: fellowship and good sportsmanship among youth.

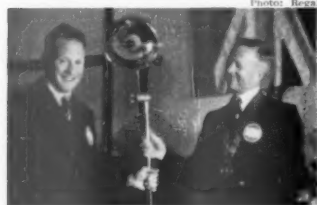
When the Carver High School band parades in MIDLAND, TEX., onlookers will see a smartly uniformed aggregation that owes a share of its dashing appearance to the local Rotary Club. The story

is this: In need of \$2,000 for band instruments and uniforms, the school board found it possible to meet half the amount. To provide the other half the Midland Club launched a campaign among its members that put \$1,000 in the hands of the school board and uniforms on the bandmen.

Distance No Problem Here When the Rotary Club of WESTPORT, NEW ZEALAND, held its "Youth Day" not long ago, it faced a transportation task—but not for long. The job was to bring children from near-by KARAMEA to WESTPORT so they could participate in the day's activities. "Operation Transportation" was successfully accomplished when Cyril Howard, a Past President of the WESTPORT Club, provided a bus to cover the 60-odd miles through hilly country.

Six Clubs Tie-Up at Garner Roundup A "roundup" is usually associated with horses, ten-gallon hats, steer riding, and other aspects of the early U. S. West, and the GARNER, Iowa, Rotary Club's annual "Roundup" normally follows such a theme. The recent one, however, "went" international instead of Western. High light of the affair was a panel discussion by five students from Denmark, India, Austria, Norway, and Germany. Led by a moderator, the students discussed their home countries and gave their impressions of America. Recorded by a local radio station, the panel proceedings were broadcast the following evening. Present at the "Roundup" were members of the Iowa Rotary Clubs of CLEAR LAKE, BRITT, EMMETSBURG, CLARION, EAGLE GROVE, and MASON CITY, and all enjoyed a turkey dinner and entertainment features.

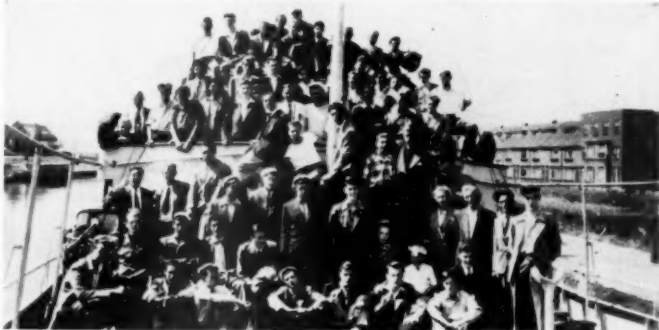
Waynesboro Sees Future in Youth Each week in WAYNESBORO, PA., three senior high-school boys get a new insight on their future responsibilities as citizens. They also get to know many local businessmen better. This all comes about through the WAYNESBORO Rotary Club's plan that brings three senior classmen from different high schools to its weekly meetings for fellowship and citizenship training. During a recent 12-month period, 101 boys attended the Club's weekly sessions, and at the end of that time 90 of



That's an infrared ray lamp being presented by N. Annabell (right), 1950-51 President of the Te Aroha, New Zealand, Club, to Rotarian L. Bryant for free use by pensioners in need of the lamp. Previously the Club donated a baby incubator to a local hospital.



Shown calling Rotary's Central Office in Chicago is Kurt Kaiser, 1950-51 President of the Gloversville, N. Y., Rotary Club, during a meeting that featured a demonstration of the remarkable speed with which long-distance telephone connections are made.



Aboard their "floating camp" are 66 young people from 12 countries on a six-day cruise (see item) in Netherlands waters sponsored by the Rotary Clubs of District 66.

the young men were present at a special Rotary get-together. As a part of this youth program, three boys are chosen to attend the annual Conference of District 264, and report on it at a subsequent meeting of the WAYNESBORO Club.

Hoxie Turns Clock Back

Maybe the good old days are gone, maybe not. At any rate the Rotary Club of HOXIE, KANS., celebrated them recently. To entertain their ladies, they re-created the era of the "Gay '90s" by singing the songs of that period and acting out the stories they told.

Netherlands Cruise Links 12 Nations

Aboard a trim white motor launch on the IJssel lake (formerly the Zuider Zee) off the coast of The Netherlands, 66 boys from 12 different European countries recently cruised to many ports (see cut). During their six-day trip they "camped" aboard the vessel and shared many hours of fellowship and profitable discussion. Sponsored by 33 Dutch Rotary Clubs in District 66, the cruise drew boys from Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, France, England, and The Netherlands. When the ship dropped anchor at Dutch ports, the boys were entertained by local Rotary Clubs. Before and after the cruise, the youths

were guests in the homes of Dutch Rotarians, and thus had further opportunities to learn about The Netherlands and its people.

Fairfield Spurs Safety Program

Underway in FAIRFIELD, CONN., is a training program aimed at teaching high-school students the safe operation of motor vehicles, and behind the project is the local Rotary Club. With the cooperation of school officials, a course is planned, as a part of the regular curriculum, that will enable students to learn safe-driving methods. To obtain films on safety and other needs for the course, the FAIRFIELD Club has provided the necessary funds. Classes were scheduled to begin with the Fall semester.

Good Scouts All—Young and Older

Many are the ways that Rotary Clubs give a hand to Boy Scouts—as this brief sampling shows. In MEMPHIS, TENN., the Rotary Club recently had as its speaker the Chief Scout Executive of the United States, and to provide a fitting atmosphere for the occasion the meeting was turned over to Boy Scout sons of Club members. From the sound of the Rotary bell to the retirement of the Scout color guard, the meeting was conducted by the uniformed boys. . . . To mark a recent anniversary celebration of the Scouting

Personalia

'BRIEFS' ABOUT ROTARIANS,
THEIR HONORS AND RECORDS.

Prayer for Peace. When PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN, a few months ago, called his fellow Americans' attention to Memorial Day as an occasion for prayers for peace, he was following the suggestion of CARL M. SAUNDERS, a Jackson, Mich., Rotarian, who began his appeals for Memorial Day prayers in 1948. In 1950 he was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for "distinguished editorial writing" in support of his prayer-day appeals.

Rotarian Authors. CARLOS P. ROMULO, of Manila, The Philippines, Past Third Vice-President of Rotary International and President of the Fourth General Assembly of the United Nations, has written *The United* (Crown Publishing Co., New York, \$3). . . . The story of a chaplain in World War II combat is told in *Mine Eyes Have Seen*, by PERCY M. HICKCOX, of Lynn, Mass. (Moshers Press, Lynn, Mass., \$3). . . . J. C. PHILLIPS, a Borger, Tex., newspaperman, is author of *Facts and Fancies about Newspaper Accounting* (Pamphlet Publishing Co., Amarillo, Tex.). . . . LEVERETT LYON, of Chicago, Ill., is the co-author with ARTHUR H. SCHWERTZ of *Analysis of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project* (Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry, Chicago, Ill.).

Minute Men. Stevens Point, Wis., Rotarians wonder whether their Secretary, L. J. SEEGER, is the "oldest living Rotary Club Secretary." ROTARIAN SEEGER, aged 83, has been at his books since February 26, 1917, when he was appointed temporary Secretary—even before his Club received its charter. He was elected to the post in May of the same year. . . . In Elizabethtown, Pa., Rotarians presented LEVI C. HERSHEY a watch in appreciation of 25 years of service as Club Secretary. And during that long span he never missed a meeting!

Rotarians Honored. DONOVAN D. LANCASTER, of Brunswick, Me., has been given the Silver Beaver Award of the Boy Scouts of America. . . . ELFEBO G. BACA, of Belen, N. Mex., was recently presented a watch for his service on his community's school board. . . . The two top officers of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain are Rotarians: F. C.

WILSON, of Wimbledon, the president, and ALDERMAN W. JOHN TRISTRAM, of Liverpool, the Society's vice-president. . . . CURTIS L. WILSON, dean of the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, Rolla, Mo., has been presented the Community Service Award of the Rolla Chamber of Commerce. . . . DR. EDWARD J. BALDES, of Rochester, Minn., has been honored with the grade of Chevalier of the National Order of the Legion of Honor of France. . . .



Baldes

HANS V. KRESS and EDWIN REDSLOB, both of Berlin, Germany, have been reelected, respectively, as chancellor and vice-chancellor of the Free University of Berlin. . . . ROBERT E. DERBY, of Los Angeles, Calif., has been elected vice-president of the National Association of Cost Accountants. . . . ALBERT E. SYMONS, of South Sydney, Australia, has been named a member of the Commonwealth Bank Board. . . . THOMAS F. LANSBERRY, of Somerset, Pa., noted jurist, has been awarded an honorary doctor of laws degree by Gettysburg College.

Rapprochement. When ALFRED TESHER handed over the New Castle, Pa., Rotary Club's Presidential gavel at the end of his 1950-51 term, the man he faced was A. R. HEIZMAN—indeed a different setting from that in which they first faced one another: on the battlefield in France in 1918. ROTARIAN HEIZMAN had served with the German Army. ROTARIAN TESHER with the American forces. Asks PRESIDENT HEIZMAN: "What better proof that Rotary builds international cooperation?"

Support. When you're doing a big job for your country, it's always helpful to know that your fellow Rotarians back home are supporting you in your work. NORRIS COTTON, a Lebanon, N. H., Rotarian and Appropriations Committeeman of the U. S. House of Representatives, is no exception. He got, he says, a "tremendous lift" when Lebanon Rotarians cabled him their best wishes and support while he was a member of an 18-member Congressional group studying European defense plans with GENERAL EISENHOWER recently.

Toothsome. A chief booster of the gastric glories of Missouri hams, and Boone County hams in particular, is ROBERT E. LEE HILL, of Columbia, Mo., Past President of Rotary International. He was recently featured in two publications, *The Missourian* and *The Missouri Farmer*, as the "ambassador-at-large of Missouri hamdom."

movement in America, the COBLESKILL, N. Y., Rotary Club hosted members of the local troop it sponsors. A feature of the occasion was the presentation of Scout merit awards to troop members.

The cabin fund of the Boy Scout council in the LOCKPORT, N. Y., area was recently enriched by \$1,500 donated by the LOCKPORT Club. The amount brought to more than \$4,000 the Rotarians' contribution to the fund. . . . When members of the Rotary Club of GLENDALE, CALIF., learned that their Scout troop was not to be represented at the recent International Scout Jamboree in Austria, they stirred to action. One said, "I have \$25 to help a Scout make the trip." Other members arose with similar offers. When the contributions were totaled, Scout James Naylor of the GLENDALE troop had \$1,100 with which to attend the Jamboree in Europe.

Up Go Sleeves, in Goes Fence

Around an eight-acre plot of ground owned by the school district in CORVALLIS, OREG., many over-learned men worked evenings and weekends to get a job done. The area was a playground, the men were CORVALLIS Rotarians, and the job was that of putting up a fence. The project began when the Rotary Club saw the need to restrict



"Stop, look, and listen" is the motto of these Highlands, N. C., boys who form the school safety patrol organized and equipped by the Highlands Rotary Club and instructed by local police.

the area's use to recreational activities only. Through voluntary donations from members and the sponsorship of fund-raising projects, \$2,200 was netted for 2,000 feet of galvanized chain-length fencing. Club members dug post holes, set several score posts in concrete, and then erected the fence. Now CORVALLIS youngsters play safely on ground that is exclusively for their use—and the softball and baseball diamonds are kept busy both afternoons and evenings.

Score Hits with These Ball Games

Short weeks time ago when shouts of "Play ball!" filled the air, the "national pastime" of the U. S. figured prominently in the activities of many Rotary Clubs. For the New Jersey Clubs of PATERSON, EAST PATERSON, HALEDON, and FAIR LAWN, baseball provided fun and fellowship when 250 members and their wives travelled to BROOKLYN, N. Y., to see a major-league game. . . . In MOHRLTON, ARK., Rotarians took to the softball diamond against a team made up of members of a local women's club. Appearances on the playing field were reversed, however, inasmuch as the players wore



Hershey

the garb of the opposite sex. As far as runs were concerned, the game ended with neither team ahead. In the matter of profit for community activities, however, each team came out ahead \$119.

Softball helped to round out the youth work of the TARZANA, CALIF., Rotary Club this past Summer when the Club sponsored a team for boys 11 to 14 years old. . . . In DUNDALK, Md., a "midget" baseball league was organized in 1950 under the leadership of the local Rotary Club. This past season more than 100 boys, aged 14 and under, participated in the games. A "world series" was played for the championship, and an all-star team was chosen, with each player selected receiving a plaque from the DUNDALK Club.

British Students See New Horizons To New Zealand and Australia, not long ago, went six students from England to extend their knowledge of other lands and their people. Behind their travels is a story of International Service as practiced by some British Rotary Clubs in District 4. With their tour sponsored by the District, the students visited New Zealand and then travelled on to the Australian cities of SYDNEY, CANBERRA, ALBURY, and MELBOURNE. During their stay in SYDNEY and MELBOURNE, they were the guests of local Rotarians who took them on tours and entertained them in their homes.

'Twas a Big Night in 'Soo' It was in 1922 that SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT., CANADA, held its first "Community Night" to raise funds for crippled children. Since then the event has been an annual affair sponsored by local Rotarians. Viewing the 1951 celebration—the 29th—were some 15,000 SAULT residents and visitors who lined the two-mile course of a colorful parade that featured six bands, costumed paraders, more than 50 floats, and 100 other motor-driven vehicles. Prizes were awarded to many float entries and to costumed marchers. The procession also included a group of

Photo: Penna/Vanila Dept. of Commerce



Chosen to receive the Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Rotary Club's "Outstanding Pennsylvania Citizen Award," the State's Governor, John S. Fine (left), accepts the plaque designating the honor from W. G. Jenkins, 1950-51 Club President.



Standing behind the exhibits they used during their talks at a meeting of the Farmington, N. Mex., Rotary Club are 4-H Club boys whose topics were "Making the Farm a Safer Place to Work," "Fitting a Dairy Cow for Show," and "Irrigated Farm Drainage."

horsemen—cowboys, red-coated huntsmen, and others—who vied for parade prizes. When the parade was over and the last games had been played at booths manned by local Rotarians and members of other service clubs, the fund for crippled children had been enriched by some \$8,500.

Burwood Aids 'New Australians' Adding its efforts to those of other Australian Clubs in helping "New Australians" from Europe start life anew is the Rotary Club of BURWOOD. Giving thought to the newcomers' cultural needs, it recently donated a well-stocked library to a migrant hostel that accommodates some 250 new arrivals from Britain.

What's Rotary? Ask My Boy When Rotarian fathers in WEST CHESTER PIKE, PA., and WESTPORT, CONN., mention Rotary to their families, a knowing look brightens the faces of their sons. The reason for such filial response is the father-and-son meetings which the Clubs recently held. At the WEST CHESTER PIKE gathering, the sons were treated to a talk by a former major-league baseball player and were given baseball caps as mementoes. At the WESTPORT father-and-son luncheon the boys especially enjoyed the presence of an American Indian chief of the Mohawk tribe.

Club at Sea, but All's Well Informal Rotary gatherings are frequently held aboard ocean liners en route to distant ports. On the *Queen Mary*, for example, Rotarians of different Clubs often meet

during a crossing. Recently a regular Club meeting took place aboard a transatlantic liner when the Rotary Club of CURACAO, NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES, met in the main dining room of the French liner *Colombie*. Docked in CURACAO harbor, the ship provided an unusual setting for the meeting with the flags of France and The Netherlands decorating the room and a special menu carrying the Club's name and its officers. The meeting was held entirely in French, and the captain of the liner was named the guest of honor.

25th Year for 8 More Clubs For eight Rotary Clubs in Europe, South America, and the United States, November marks the 25th anniversary of their founding. Congratulations to them! They are Caracas, Venezuela; New Wilmington, Pa.; Fairport, N. Y.; Arbroath, Scotland; Ripley, Tenn.; Pontefract, England; Pemberton, N. J.; Ghent, Belgium.

Rotary World Gains Eight Clubs Added to the roster of Rotary International are eight new Rotary Clubs. Welcome to them all! They are (with their sponsors in parentheses): Kimberley (Bloemfontein), South Africa; Kind (Boras), Sweden; Busto-Arzanò (Milan), Italy; Lichfield, England; Redcliffe Peninsula (Fortitude Valley and Sandgate), Australia; Amagasaki (Nishinomiyama and Osaka), Japan; Forres, Scotland; Salsomaggiore, Italy; West Winnipeg, Man. (Winnipeg), Canada; Schulenburg (Hallettsville), Tex.; Fredonia (Neodesha), Kans.; Oriental (New Bern), N. C.; Lagunillas (Camiri), Bolivia.



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Don't Bet on Football

[Continued from page 28]

Mississippi had not beaten Tulane since 1914. Such a 27-year habit could well make Tulane overconfident. They would probably expect to take the Mississippi game in stride and point for their next game. Mehre, meanwhile, was pointing at them. I picked "Ole Miss" to win. I had a factor few people knew about: Mehre's job, alumni influenced, depended upon the outcome of that game and if ever an effort would be made to win, he would make it. Mississippi won, 20-13.

Pointing, as Harry Mehre did, is based primarily on controlling the mental attitude of the players involved. When Maurice ("Clipper") Smith was coaching at Villanova, he wanted very much to beat Old Master Pop Warner, then coaching Temple. So, as the Villanova players reported for their first practice in 1937, they read a sign on the locker-room wall which said, "80 days to Temple." The next day it read "79"—and each day the number was reduced by one. This was probably the longest "point" and mental conditioning on record. It paid off when Villanova beat Temple 33-0, giving Pop Warner one of his worst defeats.

Local sportswriters sometimes affect the outcome of a game. Last season Southern California's Trojans were tripping over their own feet game after game. They had won only one game

before they faced the UCLA Bruins and Notre Dame, their last two opponents. When the Bruins won 39-0, even the Los Angeles writers gave up on the Trojans for the Irish game. All, that is, except Dick Hyland, of the Los Angeles Times. He told Southern California Coach Jeff Cravath, "I think I can make your boys mad enough to give out the football they have in them."

Instead of making excuses for the Trojans as other writers were doing, Hyland called them "El Trojan del Fiopio" in his column, adding that they were bowwows who thought more of a postgame date with a co-ed than of the possible memory of a fine win Saturday afternoon. Former Trojan All-American Tackle Ernie Smith showed that column, and another that followed it, to every Southern California player. "What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

Some wanted to punch Hyland on the nose. All got mad enough to prove him wrong, by beating Notre Dame 9-7, for the first time in 11 years. Who, in predicting that game, could have known that a newspaper column was to be such a determining factor in the contest? It changed the players' mental attitude 180 degrees.

Sportswriters have occasionally entered the picture in still another way. In 1929 Sophomore Albie Booth ran wild over the East, winning game after game for Yale. He was small, light, and quick (rather than fast). The morning of the Yale-Harvard game, Arnold Horween, coach of Harvard's twice-beaten, once-

The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

IN THE next few minutes you can check how well you remember what you read. Just run down these ten questions, select your answers, then turn to page 61 to view the correct ones. The questions are based on articles in this issue.

1. The symposium-of-the-month poses an ethical question in advertising which one of the following might solve. Which one?

- The Hippocratic Oath.
- The Pledge of Allegiance.
- The Four-Way Test.

2. According to Norman L. Spar, the outcome of football games is difficult to predetermine because:

- The ability of substitutes is unknown.
- There are too many variable factors.
- A coach might not use his best players.

3. The business of this month's "Unusual Rotarian" regularly takes him:

- High above the clouds.
- Deep down in the ocean.
- Inside of volcanic craters.

4. From his journeys into American jungles, Rotarian Georges M. Barbey says he learned that:

- Hypnotism quiets ferocious animals.
- Plant life holds the key to health.
- All men are basically much the same.

5. One of the growing weaknesses of democratic Governments, according to

Sir Norman Angell, is the increasing power of:

- Women.
- Minorities.
- Majorities.

6. Reviewer John T. Frederick accents Mexico in his book department this month to guide readers in learning about:

- The land of Rotary's 1952 Convention.
- The arts and crafts of early Mexico.
- The 110 Rotary Clubs in Mexico.

7. The clinic in Ulster County, New York, described by Paul W. Kearney, has only one purpose. What is it?

- To teach people how to be happy.
- To eliminate divorce in the county.
- To detect and treat tumors.

8. One of the keys to happiness, says William F. McDermott, is to:

- Amass a fortune and then travel.
- Do manual labor out-of-doors.
- Forget yourself and think of others.

9. In Swan Districts, Australia, the Rotary Club helps support an orphanage whose goal is to:

- Make the children financially successful.
- Arrange adoptions based on resemblance.
- Restore family living to the children.

10. To be a member of the Hawaiian organization known as Hui-O-Pele, you would have to witness:

- A sunset from a tree top on Waikiki.
- The volcanic eruptions of Mauna Loa.
- The throwing of leis upon the water.

tied team—10-7 underdog for the day—had breakfast with two New York sportswriters.

"I'm worried about Booth," he told them.

One writer thought a moment, then said: "You know, there was a fellow at Nevada a few years ago—Rabbit Bradshaw—who was built and acted just like Booth. He gave California's big Golden Bears fits for two years until they stopped trying to tackle him and grabbed him instead. He was too small to pull away from them."

"That's it!" cried Horween.

In his column after the game Grantland Rice said: "If Albie Booth had been playing in a bathing suit today, he would

Sea Saw

*I like the ocean;
I don't, the motion.*

—EDWARD A. LAWRENCE

have scored six touchdowns. As it was, Harvard won, 10-6." Horween's players merely grabbed Booth by the jersey, effectively stopping him.

The physical and emotional resources of the players constitute another variable factor which is often overlooked. I have been told by physicians that it should take an average football player nine days to return to normal, physically and emotionally, after a hard game. Football schedules call for a seven-day period between games. The player is constantly being drawn by a minus margin of two days if one rugged fracas follows another.

Cornell's team last year proved this point. The Ithacans started the season against Lafayette, Syracuse, Harvard, and Yale—four tight games in a row. They were drawn rather dry. They then met Princeton, a good team which had played an easy game the week before, and Cornell was beaten 27-0. This is indication enough for me of the influence schedules play upon football. However, the following week Columbia beat Cornell, 20-19. Cornell's players were exhausted. Otherwise Columbia, a mediocre team which lost five games during the season—several to Cornell's victims—could not have beaten them. Later on, a rested Cornell team defeated powerful Pennsylvania.

Which coach is more wily? One Saturday in 1924 Fielding H. Yost, Michigan coach, personally scouted Illinois. He noted that the famous "Red" Grange always cut to his right when faced by a potential tackler (a not-unusual weakness in a running back—some simply cannot swerve effectively both ways). Yost returned to Michigan and based his defenses for the forthcoming Michi-

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gan-Illinois game on what he had seen. What Yost did *not* know was that Grange's coach, Bob Zupke, had known Yost was to be in the stands that day. He had instructed Grange, who could cut equally well in either direction, *not* to break to his left at any time in the game Yost was scouting.

When Illinois played Michigan, Grange scored four times in 12 minutes—breaking to his *left*—through the unprepared Wolverine defense. Illinois won, 39-14. Yost was fooled—and so were those who bet on Michigan.

Can you figure out the weather?

What effect will it have? Two strong Texas teams once played in a rainstorm and netted exactly 0 yards. One team made a net of nine, the other minus nine. The only score came from an interception of the game's only pass. The 1950 Michigan-Ohio State game was played in a raging snowstorm. Underdog Michigan won 9-3 without making a first down. This could hardly be called a football game. Yet it was bet that way.

There is only one rule to follow when the urge to bet on football games surges up within you: Don't.

Spanish Lesson No. 2... Travel

ROTARY'S 1952 Convention will take place in Mexico City next May . . . and to aid those going your Magazine inaugurated last month a series of little lessons in the language of the land. If you missed that first installment—which, incidentally stressed fundamentals of pronunciation—you can still catch up with the class. Lesson No. 2 offers some words and phrases used in travel.

Just as a review, here are the Spanish vowels: a—*ah* as in father; e—*eh* as in met; i—*ee* as in meet; o—*oh* as in Rotary; u—*oo* as in room.

Now here are three helpful sentence starters:

Where is—?
¿Dónde está—?
Dohn'-deh ehs-tah'—?

I need—
Yo necesito—
Yoh neh'-seh-see'-toh—

I want—
Yo quiero—
Yoh kye'h'-roh—

With a little picking and choosing, you can combine those starters with these words and phrases:

The road to—
El camino a—
Ehl kah-mee'-noh ah—

A hotel
Un hotel
Oon oh-tehl'.

Oil, water
Aceite, agua
Ah-seh'-ee-teh, ah'-gwah.

Train fare, bus ticket
Pasaje del tren, billete del ómnibus
Pah-sah-heh dehl trehn, bee-yeh'-teh dehl ohm-nee-boos.

Filling station
Estación de gasolina
Eh-stah'-yohn' deh gah-soh-lee'-nah.

Suitcase, baggage, box
Maleta, equipaje, caja
Mah-leh'-tah, eh-kee-pah'-hee, kah'-hah.

Porter, airport, railroad station
Mozo, aeropuerto, estación de ferrocarril
Moh'-soh, ah-eh-roh-pweh'-toh, ehs-tah'-yohn' deh feh-roh-cah-reel'.

Customs inspector
Inspector de Aduana
Een-spehk-tohr' deh Ah-dwah'-nah.

Ladies' room, men's room
Cuarto de señoras, cuarto de señores
Kwahr'-toh deh seh-nyoh'-rahs, kwahr'-toh deh seh-nyoh'-rehhs.

To the right, to the left
A la derecha, a la izquierda
Ah lah deh-reh'-chah, ah lah ees-kyeh'-dah.

Kilometer, mile
Kilómetro, milla
Kee-loh'-meh-troh, mee'-yah.

(And it's useful to know that a kilometer is roughly five-eighths of a mile.)



I Retired to Adventure

(Continued from page 34)

had healed, my own reputation as a witch doctor was secure.

This lesson proved good for me. In my future travels I found a deep satisfaction in helping people with my simple medical supplies. Being a "medicine man" was a form of human service I had never before enjoyed.

I learned one other important lesson on this journey, too. I found that I had underestimated my own endurance. So, after my plane had fetched me back to civilization, I planned other expeditions.

One of those journeys took me through shark-infested waters with three Indians in a dugout canoe to visit the San Blas Islands, off the coast of

Photo: © LaVarre from Gendreau



Nose rings—they're homemade—are a high fashion to San Blas Indian maids.

Panama—some 350 isles usually forbidden to white men. Dire consequences had befallen some men in the past who had tried to force entry. But I came as a man of peace, and the simple folk of the San Blas Islands accepted me graciously. Their exclusive rules were intended—and rightly, I feel—to protect the peace of their happy life. In the shade of their coconut palms they are well ordered and uncomplicated by the world.

I found friends among these folk. I ate their native foods, eating even one dish that had been prechewed by the women. Such gestures were rewarded when, as I took my leave, the chief asked my permission to name some of his children after me and my wife and our children. There was one small difficulty. I ran out of family names before the chief had filled all his orders. There was one male child still unnamed. But we solved that problem by using the name of a Swiss "hero-chieftain." Today, scantily clad in his loincloth, there lives in the San Blas Islands a swarthy "William Tell."

But for the thrill of travel, one trip stands out singularly. Few white men have ever visited the source of the Sambu River—a stream flowing northward from the Panama-Colombia border through the Darien jungle and into the sea. This region is covered with a near-

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ly impenetrable forest, the home of jaguars and leopards, and the Choco Indians.

Accompanied by an Indian named Machi, who had been recommended to me, I journeyed on an indescribable boat to the town of Garrachine at the entrance of the Gulf of San Miguel, arriving in the early morning. The coast seemed to take on strength with the beautiful dawn; the inland country came into view and on the crests of the mountains of the Sierra del Sapo ("Frog Mountains"), the foliage of tall palms was defined sharply against a delicate, transparent sky.

As we landed, we found a flotilla of canoes carved by hatchet from tree trunks. The Chocos who maneuvered them with large paddles wore only loin-cloths, strips of cotton the width of a tie. Their ladies, without exception, paraded in the garb of Venus de Milo.

Getting off the boat, Machi selected two Chocos, a man named Antonio and his son, to accompany our expedition. And so we quickly got aboard the *cayuco* (a small fishing boat about 45 feet long) with our multitude of parcels, and, with Antonio fore and his son aft, we were off.

It took us more than three weeks to cover the 200 kilometers of the river from its mouth to its source. The first quarter of the journey took no particular effort. The water, strongly colored red by a thick slime, was contrasted

with the somber green of the forest. The current was slow and circuitous. As often as we saw flotsam, we saw alligators sleeping lazily on the narrow beaches. Antonio, an untiring hunter, fired at them occasionally. If the animal was not killed immediately, it would invariably take to the water to die.

The best way to get after these saurians, it seems, is to hunt them by night with the help of a bright light. Several times I went up to the front of the boat and projected a beam of light alongside the shore. The utmost silence is necessary. Suddenly, two brilliant red points seem to jump out of the darkness. These, of course, were the eyes of the monster. They remained motionless as long as the beam was fixed upon them. The man aft would paddle slowly and noiselessly in the direction of the two strange spheres. It wasn't until you were nose to nose with it, possibly two yards away, that you could distinguish its head, and shoot with success.

We got to Sabalo when night was approaching. This small settlement is the last spot on the river where vestiges of civilization may be found. There, with a couple of dollars one may buy a package of cigarettes, some tepid soda, and a can of food.

The village consists of a dozen or so huts built on a vast floor of cane laths and mounted on piles three yards high. One gets onto the platform by climbing

Rotary Foundation Contributions

By mid-September, 68 Rotary Clubs had made contributions to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 2,531. Since July 1, 1951, Rotary Foundation contributions had exceeded \$32,333. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership):

- AUSTRALIA**
North Sydney (57).
- BELGIUM**
Malines (68); Soignies (23).
- BRAZIL**
Copacabana (25); Bom Jesus de Itabapoana (16); Juiz de Fora (36).
- CANADA**
Kelowna, B. C. (63); Vancouver, B. C. (385); Toronto, Ont. (451); Oshawa, Ont. (105).
- CEYLON**
Colombo (102).
- EL SALVADOR**
Santa Ana (38).
- ENGLAND**
Middleton (37); Bottle (60).
- JAPAN**
Tsu (26); Kushiro (31); Obihiro (33); Yamagata (34); Ujiyamada (26); Ogaki (26).

- NEW ZEALAND**
Blenheim (40); Masterton (53).
- THE PHILIPPINES**
Batangas (20).
- UNITED STATES**
Seaside, N. J. (46); Clear Lake, Iowa (50); Melrose, N. Mex. (17); Bremerton, Wash. (53); Minerva, Ohio (38); Bucyrus, Ohio (58); Shamrock, Tex. (40); Holton, Kans. (48); Wakefield, Mass. (52); Salisbury, N. C. (80); Fairfield, Conn. (45); Oneida, N. Y. (76); Overland, Mo. (42); Osborne, Kans. (29); Cherryville, N. C. (26); Lancaster-Depew, N. Y. (40); Troy, Ala. (55); Berkeley, Calif. (196); Rockville, Md. (49); Huntingdon Valley, Pa. (37); Chester, N. Y. (61); Naperville, Ill. (42); Lecl, Ohio (45); Red Lion, Pa. (11); Lake Wales, Fla. (73); Towanda, Pa. (36); West Palm Beach, Fla. (151); Arlington, Tex. (56); Oakland, Md. (53); Sunbury, Pa. (82); Hill City, Kans. (25); Gorham, N. H. (33); Prattsburg, N. Y. (35); Knox, Pa. (27); Arroyo Grande, Calif. (37); Perry, Iowa (51); Bismarck, N. Dak. (92); Pocono Mountains, Pa. (33); Winter Park, Fla. (60); Williamsville, N. Y. (56); Tyndall, So. Dak. (28); Renton, Wash. (52); Albion, Ill. (40); Pulaski, Va. (51); Culpeper, Va. (50); Whitefield, N. H. (20); St. Clair, Mich. (44).

a wooden beam, notched to form steps. The buildings have no walls, but are thatched with palm leaves. And this roof serves as living quarters for all kinds of winged and crawling vermin that, come evening time, drop down on one's innocent anatomy.

We soon made ourselves at home in one of the huts, but I perceived a group of bodies about two steps away from me in the darkness. Men, women, children were all mixed together, sleeping on top of each other. And yet, when we awakened the next morning, the place was empty; everyone had departed in curious fashion, without the slightest sound.

Antonio and I dodged out. He wanted me to meet some members of his family who lived three hours' walking distance away. On this jaunt we went through a forest of tremendous beauty. The trail, however, was muddy and miserable. Often I was forced to my knees in a sticky, black, malodorous mire. I even lost my shoes there, and my bare feet henceforth had to do. I even returned to the Palace of Panama still quite barefoot!

YET all around me was enchantment. Tremendous trees stretched their luxuriant growth to a great height and overshadowed with their size a secondary forest beneath them. It was an enormous array of bloom—yellow, mauve, magenta petals—an extraordinary fire of color.

Monkeys hopped from one branch to another, the females with their little ones curiously gripping their backs. A long emerald green serpent slithered slowly away. Antonio seized it to prove to me that it was a harmless frog eater.

Another time I saw above me, hanging upside down on a branch, a gray-brown body the size of a terrier. Antonio passed me his gun. But I then discerned a smaller animal hugging the shoulders of the first one, so I asked Antonio to cut down the tree instead. We found the creatures to be furry little sloths.

Finally we reached our destination, a clearing with three huts. We went inside one, and I saw on the floor baskets woven with much art, some rolls of bark used for beds, and great quantities of bows and arrows. The place was running over with women of all ages, all naked to the waist and hung with a multitude of babies, who fled at our approach. The men gave us a gesture of greeting.

All the adults had stained their skins ebony black with a vegetable product, leaving spots of their natural copper color to create the effect of a tattoo.

In the corners and on roof supports in the huts I could make out curious statuettes of scantily painted wood. These were household gods—gods of the

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hunt, of the harvest, of children, dance, illness, marriage, etc. I found that usually the people took fine care of these gods, even feeding them. But if things became a bit rough, the god was held to be irresponsible and was quickly broken—only to be used for carving out another later on! I spent a good part of the journey amidst these people, who, little by little, showed themselves to be more gracious, especially in response to my gifts of tobacco.

During our next two days of river travel, we covered 30 kilometers, represented by 20 hours of uncomfortable positions.

Each evening we stopped at one of the huts along the river. We were never refused lodging.

One time Machi asked me to look at one of his friends who had suffered a machete blow on his foot. I could not disappoint him, so I again played the Good Samaritan, opening the infected wound and dressing it.

In a twinkling the news of the white man who understood medicine was circulated the length of the Sambu. Whenever we stopped to do any cooking or to stretch out in the hammocks, it was never long before a *cayuco* brought along someone wounded or ailing. I did the best I could, sometimes a bit shakily. But perhaps it was better than their own medicine sticks and incantations.

We never found a village, in the ordi-

nary sense; the huts were always a good distance apart, joined only by the waterway. Gradually the Sambu bed became narrower and lost its depth. More often we had trouble with rapids. As the force of the current grew, it became more difficult to move ahead.

Everywhere in this area the natives would flee at our coming. When we disembarked, the huts were empty. We knew the occupants were certainly hidden in the neighborhood, that their eyes didn't lose sight of us for an instant. The impression was disagreeable, and we were all ready, as soon as we had found the Sambu's source, to turn our canoe back downstream in the swift and beautiful river.

All the way back, my "patients" returned to have their bandages changed. And I received as my reward many medicine sticks, bows and arrows, and even some idols for our museum back in Geneva.

Now that I have returned home to Switzerland I think often of these journeys. I am no longer distressed by the bugaboo of "being too old for exploration." In fact, I am planning another trip—this one from Capetown, South Africa, north to the source of the Nile, and downriver to the sea. And for this trip the long way across Africa, I have won an even more astonishing victory: my wife has promised to accompany me—at least part of the way. She, too, intends to remain young.

When the West Was Wild

I loved the West when I got my start
With Tim McCoy and Mix and Hart;
And I roped my steers at the picture shows
With Gibson (Hoot) and the Farnum Bros.
We could spot a villain at twenty paces,
We men who ranged in the open spaces,
Our life was simple and quite conventional—
Routine and possibly two dimensional.
We rode the plains, and I hope you'll note,
No music came from a single throat.
We carried our weapons like Dan'l Boone,
But we didn't have time to carry a tune.
Then criminals met with our Western justice
At hands of heroes who got there fusties.
If the ranch were lost through a crooked deal,
We'd win it back in the final reel.
The rustlers shivered and took our warning,
And Indians died each Saturday morning.
We laughed at fear—there was no such thing—
But we were silent, we didn't sing.
In the West today it's a song that wins
And music marks where the West begins.
The cowboys croon to the tumbleweed,
And the doggies dance to their evening feed.
I loved the West when the West was new,
With plenty of action and much ado;
With blazing pistols and no guitars
In the hands of the silent Western stars.

—JAMES M. BLACK, JR.

Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

and extra cards from bridge decks. When I had about 200, my hobby was listed in *THE ROTARIAN* in the *Hobby Hitching Post* department [see page 62 of this issue], and it was only a short time before my collection had more than doubled, thanks to the generosity of Rotarians far and wide. Now my collection encompasses the 30,000 different card backs (one of a kind), plus some 500 different jokers and about 350 different aces of spades, not to mention some 300 decks. These cards came from all over the world, 43 countries being represented. They include many that are more than 100 years old, and some that were bought only last week. One from Italy is of indeterminate age; it could be as old as 200 years, and is most surely more than 100.

Kashmir Articles Approved

By HARRY E. ARNOLD, *Rotarian*
Painting Contractor
Catonsville, Maryland

Please give us more articles like *Kashmir* [debate-of-the-month for September]. This was simply tops. It excels anything that we have had. Congratulations!

New Bedfordites Were There, Too

Points Out HERSCHEL HEINZ, M.D.
Gynecologist
Governor, Rotary District 290
New Bedford, Massachusetts

An item in *Rotary Reporter* for September referred to the newly organized Rotary Club of Nantucket, and said, "To the Island of Nantucket flew a group that included several Past District Governors and other Rotarians of Boston, Mass." Correct except for the word "Boston." There were no Bostonians there, but plenty of New Bedfordites. You see, Nantucket is the New Bedford Club's baby and one which we are sure is going to make us proud. You can, therefore, understand that we resent having the legitimacy of our parentage questioned even by inference.

Wheat Field Not Typical

Believes A. A. REMINGTON
Former Rotarian
YMCA Secretary
Hutchinson, Kansas

I realize that an artist should be allowed considerable license, but E. W. Bartlett seems to have gone too far in picturing a "typical harvest scene in the wheat fields of the U. S. Middle West" [Frontispiece, *THE ROTARIAN* for August].

Our Reno County Farm Bureau agent indicated the major fault when he said that less than one percent of the wheat in the Middle West is harvested by binders. Here are some comments made by a young man who was raised on the farm:

"There is no one putting bundles in the shocks, but there are no bundles of wheat lying in the field. The way this



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Notice of 44th Consecutive Quarterly Dividend

On September 14, 1951, the Directors of Investors Mutual, Inc., declared a regular dividend of 17 cents per share derived from net interest and dividend income, payable September 25, 1951 to shareholders on record September 17. At the same meeting, the Directors declared a special dividend of 31 1/2 cents per share derived from security profits realized during the past fiscal year, also payable September 25, 1951 to shareholders on record September 17.

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field is being cut, the farmer will have to go to the end of his cut, turn around, drive back, and start each new cut in the same direction. He should go around the field. Typical wheat fields are not found in the sharply rolling country pictured."

I am wondering if the artist and the text writer have ever been in the wheat country of the Middle West and have seen a typical wheat field.

A Lauder Song Recalled

By MILTON NOBLES, Rotarian
Telegraph-Company Manager
Hot Springs, Arkansas

The article on page 10 of THE ROTARIAN for July entitled *The Lamplighter*, by Charles Lamb, recalled to me Sir Harry Lauder's visit to the Hot Springs Rotary Club shortly after his son was killed in action. Many older Rotarians who heard Sir Harry talk and sing will recall the verse of the song he dedicated to Rotary. This is the chorus:

*In the Rotary, in the Rotary
That's the place to find sociability;
No worry, no care, from business right
away,
Having a snake, cracking a joke,
With your pals in the Rotary.*

Sir Harry wrote the words of the song and composed the music for it. It's a lovely song that could be revived and used.

Basic Issues Overlooked

Says L. J. RAAE
Chicago, Illinois

The debate *Should the U.S.A. Ratify the Genocide Treaty?* [The ROTARIAN for August] made excellent reading, but after I finished studying the "pro" by John D. Hickerson and the "con" by Frank E. Holman, I realized that both men, like many others who decide what is right or wrong for the peoples of the world, had overlooked and made no mention of the basic issue involved in such a treaty.

It is simply a matter of getting at the underlying causes of genocide, of war, of race hatred. Declaring a law that brands these things a crime does not remove the inbred drives of certain men to commit those crimes. In the heat of nationalistic passion, is a mob going to think it'd better stop before it commits genocide? I agree with Mr. Holman to this extent that the law will not work if the U.S.A. and others must run to put down mobs committing this new crime.

The answer is not law of any kind, but education—slow, grueling, patient education—of the peoples of the world. Slowly this education will take hold and men will emerge finer and more intelligent and filled with greater wisdom stemming from the primary laws of God that each man does possess, but as yet has not realized. Then laws will not be necessary and men will govern themselves correctly. To many this sounds utopian, but if we do not begin now to institute this education, when shall we begin? Passing laws like the genocide treaty retards our intellectual progress.

Let the advocates of this treaty throw their efforts into wide-scale educational programs that will uproot the seeds of

war and genocide, instead of developing weed-killing-like treaties that remove the top, but leave untouched the root which soon rises up again.

'We "Made Up" in Jerusalem'

Says CHARLES MANTINBAND, Rotarian
Rabbi
Florence, Alabama

IN THE ROTARIAN for May, 1950, The Scratchpad Man presented one of his monthly "visits" entitled *Let's 'Make Up' at Rotary in Jerusalem*. I took his advice, as did some dozen or more other rabbis, Rotarians all, while studying and touring the new State of Israel recently.

Presiding at the meeting—held in the YMCA just as you pictured it—was a Scotch Presbyterian. The Secretary was a Jew, who serves in some official capacity in the municipality. Letters were received from Clubs in Copenhagen, Dusseldorf, and Dublin. It fell to my lot to speak in behalf of our delegation. I was able to extend greetings for my neighbor and friend, Frank E. Spain, President of Rotary International. I referred to a recent visit by Prime Minister David Ben Gurion to our TVA area in Tennessee and Alabama. Replying to a query as to what I might bring back to America from Israel, I said, "To some of my pious friends, perhaps a bag of holy earth or some water from the Jordan. To others a souvenir of Bazalel

Odd Shots

Can you match these photos for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editor of *The Rotarian*. If used, the "odd shot" will bring you \$3. But remember—it must be different!



Thirsty? Well, here's suggested refreshment, and tax free, too! Fort Atkinson, Wis., Rotarian Lynn L. Seymour camera-recorded it in his community.

arts and crafts, some Yemenite jewelry, or Arab woodwork. But to most citizens at home, something of the creative spirit of this land—its sense of freedom and dedication, its glorious past and radiant future; the faith and determination of this outpost of democracy in the Middle East, which with God's help will succeed, despite all tensions and obstacles."

Responding, a Rotary friend who serves on the faculty of the Hebrew University observed, "This, sir, will not weigh down your baggage, nor cost you duty at the customs office. You may carry it in your heart. And, in the final analysis, it will be the most valuable of all your gifts."

Overwork Advice Excellent

Believes STEPHEN J. COREY, *Rotarian President Emeritus*
The College of the Bible
Lexington, Kentucky

The article by Edwin D. Neff in THE ROTARIAN for August, *How to Overwork—and Live*, was excellent. It reminded me of the advice of our family physician to me in 1930, just after my election as president of the United Christian Missionary Society of the Disciples of Christ. I had been foreign secretary for 25 years and feared leaving that work, with which I had become quite well accustomed, to undertake the larger responsibility. The depression was on and the problems were great. The task for an executive in the large organization was very difficult.

The old doctor said: "Follow four rules and you can make it:

"1. Be as sensible as a bricklayer and take one full day entirely off each week.

"2. Avoid details—don't do anything you can assign to someone else.

"3. Go home each noon and lie down for half an hour after lunch.

"4. When you get to your office in the morning, tackle your *biggest problem* first, thus eliminating your hangover of worry."

I was not always able to follow all four rules completely. However, I did always try to concentrate at least on Number 4. That saved the day for me.

Braking Distance Questioned

By Wm. H. FRANKHAUSER
Honorary Rotarian
Attorney
Coldwater, Michigan

In a *Rotary Reporter* item in THE ROTARIAN for August, reference is made to an automobile-safety demonstration conducted by the Rotary Club of Honolulu, Hawaii. It is noted that the "average 'foot to brake' distance is 31 feet, and the average 'stopping' distance is 58 feet." I interpret "foot to brake" distance as being the distance that a car travels between the time that a driver mentally decides to apply his brakes and the time when the foot actually is applied on the brake pedal, and before the braking starts.

This figure is misleading as a general statement and this is the reason why: There are 5,280 feet in a mile. Suppose



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one is going 30 miles an hour. He is
then going 30 times 5,280, or 158,400 feet
an hour, or 44 feet a second. This is
just an example of the well-known rule
that an automobile proceeds at a rate
per second of one and one-half times its
miles per hour in feet.

In short, it is quite impossible to say
what the actual foot-to-brake distance is
without knowing the rate at which the
car is being driven when the initial
thought of stopping arises. At 50 miles
an hour, for example, a car would be
travelling at a rate of 75 feet a second.

There are other factors that must be
taken into consideration, too: type of
road surface, whether that surface was
wet or dry, the age and driving ability
of the driver, other traffic, etc.

Let us not teach our kids a lot of 31-
foot rules about how close they can come
and probably not have an accident—if
everything is working in perfect
mechanical shape and they are too. Let
us teach them that an automobile, like
a gun, is a very dangerous thing if not
handled properly. Further, let us teach
them that no matter how expert they
may be, they are absolutely at the mercy
of the other driver. Let us teach them
to expect the other fellow to do some-
thing wrong, and be prepared even then
to avoid accidents.

New Life Welcomed

By RALPH V. AUSTIN, Rotarian
Clergyman
Waupun, Wisconsin

I was glad to see *New Life for Tired
Tourists*, by Robert Stein and E. Jerry
Walker, in *THE ROTARIAN* for August. We
have a community council and are in
the midst of one survey. I hope it may
have as good results as those in Illinois.

'Poser' Interests Club

Notes V. S. PRADHAM, Cotton Spinner
Secretary, Rotary Club
Rattlam, India

Taking inspiration from the symposi-
um *You Are the Lawyer—What Would
You Do?* [*THE ROTARIAN* for July], the
members of the Rotary Club of Rattlam
had a most interesting discussion and
expressed their views as to what they
would do if they were put in the shoes
of the lawyer; the poser, set by you, is
indeed most interesting, and the views
of the members were as varied as those
given in *THE ROTARIAN*.

A Road Sign Improved

Says C. F. SCHAEFER, Rotarian
Telephone-Company Manager
Charlotte, Michigan

A few issues ago I noted letters from
Rotarians regarding the improvement of
road signs telling motorists the place
and time of Rotary meetings in the com-
munity. We in Charlotte have done
something which we think helps the
passer-by to grasp the essential details
more quickly.

To improve the panel underneath the
large Rotary wheel we eliminated the
word "Rotary," as it appears on the
wheel itself and is known everywhere
for what it represents. The names of

for every business

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W. F. Wydallis

the city and State were also removed as our signs are placed near the regular highway signs on which the name of the city is shown. By eliminating these words, we were able to arrange for larger lettering, which a motorist can easily read while travelling at a safe speed.

Memorial Cost Exaggerated

Finds ARCH. W. CALLARD, Rotarian Incandescent-Bulb Distributor Westmount, Quebec, Canada

I am fully in accord with the general theme of *Man's Most Precious Possession*, by Marvel Beem [The Rotarian for August], but his reference to the cost of the Queen Victoria Memorial in Calcutta struck me as being somewhat exaggerated. I have therefore made some inquiries among authorities who should have some knowledge of this matter, and from an official of the India Government Services I have the following comment:

The Memorial to Queen Victoria at Calcutta was supposed to have been an imitation of the world-famous Taj Mahal at Agra. I am afraid that I cannot give you the actual cost of the Memorial, but I should imagine that it could not possibly have cost

"millions of dollars," as your Rotarian friend seems to suggest. The Britishers themselves used to have a laugh at the idea when anybody suggested that it was the British version of the Taj Mahal, for the Victoria Memorial at Calcutta is to the Taj Mahal what a Woolworth reproduction would be to an original by Rembrandt.

From another official similarly connected, I have the estimate that the Memorial alone would possibly have cost not in excess of half a million rupees, which, at the rate of exchange in effect at the time of 3.8 rupees to the dollar, would have amounted to approximately \$130,000.

Proverbial Support

From MANUEL HAHN, Rotarian Senior Active Winnetka, Illinois

In *Your Letters* for July, Rotarian Robert Wood makes reference to the Book of Proverbs in support of his view that a haughty spirit, rather than pride, goes before a fall. The first English edition of Proverbs was *The Proverbs of John Heywood* printed in 1546. It is a collection of English colloquial sayings. In it we find that "Pride shall have a fall; For Pryde goeth before and shame cometh after."

What to Tell the Member-to-Be

A Little Lesson in Rotary

WHAT should a prospective member of a Rotary Club be told? And when? The answers to these questions hold the key to the new member's intelligent understanding of Rotary and to his later effectiveness as a Rotarian. The procedure followed by many Clubs in providing pre-membership information is outlined below.

Before a man joins a Rotary Club it is natural for him to want to know about Rotary. To meet this requirement, Rotary Clubs follow plans that differ on some points, but are alike on others. One point of agreement relates to the question, "When should the prospect's education in Rotary begin?" The practice of most Clubs is to begin after the prospect's name has been acted upon favorably by the Club Membership and Classification Committees (and their reports sustained by the Board of Directors), but before the prospect has been invited to sign an application card for membership.

At this stage of the new-member procedure, the Club gets under way the following plan for informing him about Rotary:

1. Upon being notified of favorable Committee (and Board) action on his prospect, the proposer explains to him what the Club has done, but suggests that he make no decision until there has been an opportunity to inform him on Rotary.

2. The proposer then arranges for the

prospect to meet with the Club Information Committee.

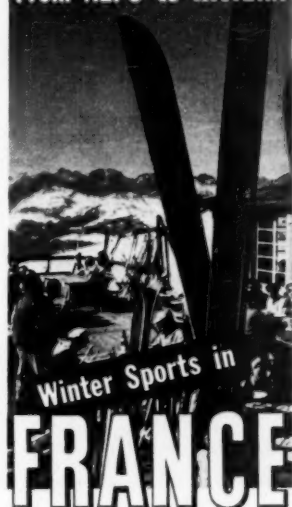
3. The Information Committee arranges to have present a Club member (or members) qualified to tell the story of Rotary.

4. After the prospect has been given preliminary information about Rotary, and after the Club Secretary sends notice of election to the proposer and the newly elected member, then the latter is invited to sign the membership-application card.

To avoid overwhelming the prospect with Rotary information, Clubs have found it advisable to exercise selectivity in determining the ground to be covered. Usually included is a brief history of Rotary and of the Rotary Club, and a more detailed explanation of the program of Rotary—its objectives and activities, its benefits and responsibilities. The meeting also provides an appropriate occasion for presenting the prospective member with such instructive reading material as *Adventure in Service*, *Brief Facts about Rotary*, *Service Is My Business*, and other booklets available at Rotary's Central Office.

At the close of the meeting, the sponsor should obtain from the prospect his permission to publish his name to the Club. The procedure of electing members should also be explained to him. In larger Clubs this "information meeting" is arranged for more than one prospective member at a time, but essentially the procedure followed is similar to that outlined above.

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Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

Leadership Is an Obligation

RAYMOND B. JOHNSON, *Rotarian*
Clergyman
Hingham, Massachusetts

We realize that the temptation to return to isolationism is merely the expression of our present fear. We realize that our present fear is associated with our closer recognition of the costs and sacrifices that are yet demanded of us all. We realize that we have mistaken the meaning of the American "way of life," that we had fallen again into the softer way of thinking that our way was the easy way, that the luxuries of living were the primary purposes of living, that creature comforts were the end and aim of our existence. We realize that plenty for us does not give us peace of mind unless we are helping others to share in plenty. We realize also that, now in the world, there is no security, even for a peace-loving people, unless that people is actively concerned with the security of others. We have come at last to the grim and not too welcome realization that leadership is an obligation and not a privilege, that even our vast resources and our tremendous productive capacity cannot be strength and power without the confidence and trust of the other peoples in the world.—From a Rotary Club address.

Some Lines about Laughter

MARIUS RISLEY, *Faculty Member*
University of Buffalo
Buffalo, New York

Those who quote Goldsmith's verse, "the loud laugh which spoke the vacant mind," take the poet out of context. Far from condemning robust mirth, he was praising the carefree coter at his ease before his humble, happy hearth. His loud laugh bespoke a mind vacant of anxiety and guilt. I think the poet implied that goodwill is the only condition on which laughter is honestly and fully enjoyed.

It is a Puritan survival, this notion that to be serious one must be solemn. Solemn persons are often superficial, whereas laughter can often be deeply intellectual.—From a Rotary Club address.

Service Is Not Free

WILLIAM N. DUNN, *Rotarian*
President, Dunn Woolen Company
Martinsburg, West Virginia

The shale at our brick plants here in Martinsburg is practically free, but it is service that eventually lays the brick in a wall many miles away from the source. Therefore, I do not agree with those who contend that service is free. There are too many of us today who

think that freedom means freedom from work and responsibility; that somebody owes us a living. Our Creator tried making everything free in the Garden of Eden, but the inhabitants were not satisfied, and insisted they should be equal with God, their creator. So God drove them out of the Garden into this old world in the rough, and told them to replenish it and earn their bread by the sweat of their face. So, when anyone offers me something without cost, I immediately become suspicious.

When opening my mail, I frequently see in large type, "Free without any obligation." That envelope with contents lands in the wastebasket; I am afraid of it. Every service worthy of the name costs somebody something, and the recipient or consumer must in the long run bear his share.—From a Rotary Club address.

My Beloved Country

RAYMOND C. BREHAUT, *Rotarian*
Artificial-Gas Manufacturer
Frederick, Maryland

Look, my beloved Country,
At the crown now on thy brow,
Not gold, but thorns thou wearest
As in the judgment hall
They cry thy life.

Like Him, oh, my beloved Country
Of lowly origin,
A friend of poor and great alike,
Of kindly deeds and growing might
Hast fed the poor and healed the sick
And taught the dignity of man
Till all acclaimed thee as a friend
And would have made thee king
Oh, my beloved Country

Thou art so young to die,
Oh, my beloved Country,
Why hast thou answered not the tumult
And the shout of thine accusers,
The words of erstwhile friends
"I know him not?"

Ah! my beloved Country
The trial will be short
Then bear away the cross of this world's shame
With hallowed sweat and blood
Nor look to God for miracle
To save you from this cup
For this too shall finally pass away
As did His darkest hour,
And from thy sacrifice shall rise
A better world than ours.

A world where men shall live by truth
And it shall make them free.
Oh, my beloved Country.

Breaking Down Our Beliefs

JOHN W. DALL, *Rotarian*
Lumber Retailer
Lake Mahopac-Carmel, New York

Some people say that during the past 20 years most of us in this country have been breaking down rather than build-



"I know that he is incompetent, but we just can't let him go now. He has the company's highest bowling average."



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Dear Santa:—

For Christmas, please, please send me ^{The} Rotarian

That's the sincere wish on the lips of many of your friends and relatives who are not members of Rotary. Non-Rotarians enjoy THE ROTARIAN Magazine too . . . look forward to its timely, authoritative articles . . . seek its ideas in building a fuller life. They'd like to have a gift subscription from you.

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ing up our beliefs. In many respects, we became so open-minded in our search for new truths that old truths slipped away from us. In much of religion we became so concerned about secondary values that we lost hold of important elementary principles. We have been reading so much trash from the pens of the "debunkers" that there are few national heroes left to guide and inspire our young people. As someone has said, we have "paid so much attention to the almost-wrongness of a great deal that was fundamentally right and to the almost-rightness of so much that was fundamentally wrong that we have lost confidence in the things of the spirit and consequently in ourselves and in one another."—From a message to his Rotary Club.

'It Could Be Your Child!'

J. H. VAILLIANT, Rotarian
President, City Coal Company
Leominster, Massachusetts

This morning as I stood at the counter in my office, I looked across the street; it was just one of those crisp March mornings; a touch of Spring in the air. It made you feel like living.

Across the street a small fox terrier and a larger mongrel dog were evidently similarly affected by the tang in the air; they were frolicking around, enjoying life to the fullest. Suddenly the picture changed; tragedy was in the air. The small fox terrier dashed off the sidewalk; a taxicab rounded the corner; both wheels crushed the little fellow underneath. A few spasmodic quivers in the gutter and what had been the essence of life lay dead. The mongrel seemed almost human in his inability to understand what had suddenly happened to the little pal.

My feelings reacted in the thought that this little fox terrier might as easily have been someone's little boy or girl on the way to school. You, who drive cars, be careful; it could be your child.

Give, Not Get

K. NANJUNDIAH, Rotarian
Lawyer
Coimbatore, India

The challenge of our vocation is both subjective and objective. If we have come into Rotary purely for personal advancement, we have really missed the soul of Rotary. Have we joined it to advance our own interests by contacts with others better placed than ourselves? Have we not joined this great international order to learn to give and not merely to get? Rotary bids us to the pursuit of lofty ideals through our own vocations, and on our response to this challenge depends Rotary's mission of reshaping the world.—From a Rotary District Conference address.

Warning to Main Street
PROCTOR P. JONES, Rotarian
Insurance Underwriter
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We, in Main Street, are challenged to think and to become actively articulate in the body politic because only through knowledge and intelligent political activity can we successfully combat these forces lined up against us at home and abroad.

On Keeping the Armor Burnished

FRED WILSON, Rotarian
Building Contractor
President, Building Industry Congress
South Sidney, Australia

We shall always be subject to criticism—it is inseparable from achievement. We find the same thing in the



Wilson

field of industrial organization: when units of free enterprise band themselves together for mutual strength and support, they are frequently described by the outside world as "pressure groups." They are accused of getting together for no other purpose than to exploit other people. Organizations are always "vulnerable" in the literal and metaphorical sense of the word. Perhaps this is just as well for it keeps us ever on the alert to see that there are no chinks in our armor through which the shafts of our attackers may penetrate. Ours is the chain armor of service and whilst Rotarians continue to wear it at all times, there need be no fear of major wounding.

Each one of us must do his bit in keeping the armor oiled and burnished. No Club can afford to relax its efforts even for a moment.—From a Rotary Club address.

Light to Shadowed Places

CLYDE H. WILCOX, Rotarian
Clergyman
St. Clair, Michigan

Twoscore and five years ago our Rotarian forebears brought forth in the city of Chicago an idea that men needed

fellowship and association, and that life would be immeasurably richer if men could know and appreciate one another. So they instituted the first Rotary Club, dedicated to that very idea. Tonight we meet in the city of Allegan, to honor men who have held leadership in this particular branch of that great movement. As their followers, we believe we can honor them most by holding high the basic Rotary truths, that:

1. Men need acquaintanceship.
2. A high ideal of their own business destiny.
3. A genuine understanding of community needs.
4. A knowledge of the desperate imperative for friendship among nations.

To such aims and purposes we dedicate ourselves, till Rotary shall become the lamplighter of the world, bringing light to shadowed places, and inspiration to countless men, who in the years to come will call themselves Rotarians. —From an address before the Rotary Club of Allegan, Michigan.

The Dignity of Man

HARRY A. LUSK, M.D., Rotarian
Obstetrician
West Hollywood, California

Rotarians practice Service above Self—but an earlier teacher said, "Be ye kind—one to another." Let us honor the dignities of human existence; be kind when human weaknesses are exposed. It has been said that an unkind laugh is Communism's secret weapon—to laugh out at the dignity of human beings, the dignity of fidelity, the dignity of doing a job well—a laugh at any dignity which makes America strong.

When perchance we do gaze at the naked soul of our fellow human, caught in a moment of weakness, let us be kind, let us be generous. Let us not weaken America by weakening the dignity of our fellow Americans.—From The Rotator, publication of the Rotary Club of West Hollywood, California.

A Matter of Teamwork

EUGENE E. WILSON
Chairman, United Aircraft Corp.
Hartford, Connecticut

We must concentrate all our forces, material and spiritual, upon the task of safeguarding to individuals of every creed, color, or previous condition of servitude, their inalienable right freely to exchange, one with the other, their goods, services, and ideas. In practice this means that the airplane, for example, must team up with every other form of transport, to break down every barrier, natural or artificial, which now presents a road block to human progress. Then, just as the great Chinese Wall, once deemed impregnable to armed force, crumbled beneath the feet of private citizens, so would the Iron Curtain, the Bamboo Curtain, every curtain, in fact, lift to welcome individual initiative directed toward common personal advantage, and a fair break all along the line.—From an address before the Rotary Club of Hartford, Connecticut.

Answers to Klub Quiz on Page 46

1. The Four-Way Test (page 14).
2. There are too many variable factors (page 27).
3. Deep down in the ocean (page 29).
4. All men are basically much the same (page 32).
5. Minorities (page 8).
6. The land of Rotary's 1952 Convention (page 37).
7. To detect and cure cancer (page 24).
8. Forget yourself and think of others (page 11).
9. Restore family living to the children (page 30).
10. The volcanic eruptions of Mauna Loa (page 28).

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HOBBY Hitching Post

Collecting bits of fabric of a special sort from all parts of the Rotary world is the hobby of PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR WALTER E. ("BILL") MILLER, of Berwick, Pennsylvania. Here he tells you all about it.

I COLLECT Rotary Club banners. Upon seeing my collection, many Rotarians have said to me, "You know, BILL, it simply never crossed my mind that Clubs have their own banners." And perhaps you never thought of it, either. So before I tell you about my collection, I'd better tell you something about the banners themselves.

Not all Rotary Clubs have banners. I have found them quite common among Clubs outside the United States, less so among U. S. Clubs. In the accompanying photo you can see that they are of all shapes and sizes, some with the Rotary emblem and some without, but each possessing distinct aspects in color and design.

One purpose of the Club banner is to serve as a token of friendship for presentation to visitors, especially when they come from lands overseas. Another use is made of them by Rotarians traveling outside their own countries. In such instances, the travellers carry a number of their Club banners for presentation to the Clubs they visit on their trip. Of course, the banners have their use too as decorative elements in a Club's meeting place.

My collection got its start about six years ago when, as a member of my Club's International Service Committee, I wrote letters to five overseas Clubs. The first reply came from the Battersea Club in London, England. After more correspondence, Battersea sent me its banner—and my collection had its start. More letters brought in more banners, and soon my collection totalled eight.

It was about that time that my Club

decided to have its own banner, a development that was to help me in adding to my collection by offering to exchange banners with other Clubs. Today there are some 650 items in my display, and they have come from Rotary Clubs in 63 countries or geographical regions of the world. Included are 83 from Great Britain, 17 from India, 51 from France, 40 from Sweden, 23 from Finland, and 34 from Switzerland.

In addition to banners from several South and Central American countries, Australia, Japan, Iceland, and Germany, I also have received those of Clubs in Luxembourg, Monaco, Hong Kong, Burma, Ceylon, Thailand, Lebanon, Syria, Cyprus, Palestine, and Israel. It is a collection that truly displays the internationality of Rotary, and does so in an eye-appealing way.

Besides being colorful, the collection contains many banners especially noteworthy for their construction and design. In fact, it would be difficult to single out any of the banners for specific comment. However, it is worth noting that more than 50 are handmade, several are hand painted, some are fashioned out of hand-tooled leather, one is on chamois skin, and another is made of hammered copper. Another, believe it or not, took three months to make. Every stitch was done by hand, and the supporting bar is coated with 18-carat gold.

To gather these several hundred banners required an exchange of letters that has been time consuming but highly enjoyable. A recent check of my correspondence showed that I have written more than 20,000 letters to Rotary Clubs. Not all, however, have been to request banners. Some I have written to welcome newly chartered Clubs, while others were "follow-ups" to previous letters. Since I began my international correspondence, I have written



Colorful, international, and informational is this display of some of the 650 Rotary Club banners Rotarian Miller has collected from Clubs in all parts of the world.

at least two letters to every Club in the Rotary world, excluding the United States and Canada.

One result of this letter writing is that my banner collection has become widely known, and regularly I receive letters about it from my Rotary friends around the world. In the Eastern part of the United States alone, the collection has been displayed at many District Conferences and Assemblies. Last Spring hundreds of Rotarians viewed part of my collection at the Conferences of Districts 227, 229, 261, 263, and 265.

I enjoy showing my banners, so if you are ever near Berwick and would like to see them, why just stop in. You'll be welcome.

ANOTHER Rotarian hobbyist with a collection that has an international flavor is ALVIN E. EVANS, of St. Louis, Missouri. Collecting official guides of fairs and expositions is his hobby. Here he tells how his friends help him.

WHETHER a collector's hobby interest is stamps, antiques, cigar bands, or perfume bottles, his friends can always help broaden his collection and acquire many items for it that he alone might never come upon. A good example of the way this usually works is to be seen in the beginning and growth of my own hobby—collecting official guides of international fairs and expositions.

Back in 1939 and 1940, when expositions were held in New York and San Francisco, friends sent me the official guides of these two world fairs. Colorful in presentation and filled with informative notes about exhibits from around the world, these gifts from friends turned my thoughts toward other fairs and their printed handbooks. I thought of Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893; the San Diego, California, fair of 1935-36; the famous British Empire Exhibition near London in 1924; and many others I had read about. The idea of collecting the official guides of all expositions and fairs organized along international lines challenged me.

Today my collection numbers some 20-odd fair guides, including those of all American fairs where exhibits from overseas were shown. Several of my "rare" items are those of the 1898 fair in Omaha, Nebraska; the 1905 exposition in Portland, Oregon; and the Seattle, Washington, fair of 1908. My guide for the 1876 exposition in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is a "rare bird" in this respect: it was published in Chicago.

Perhaps by telling a story about a friend and an old bureau set away in a hayloft, I might show the strange and unexpected ways I have sometimes acquired my official fair guides. This story concerns the guide used at the Philadelphia fair in 1926. To get a copy of it, I had been corresponding with the Philadelphia Public Library, but with no success. Then one day while playing volleyball with some friends in Lexington, Kentucky, I mentioned my interest in fair handbooks and told of my long search for the 1926 Philadelphia guide. I was happily surprised when one of the

players said that he had some mementos of that fair tucked away in a bureau drawer up in a hayloft. He later dug through to the bureau, checked its contents, and there among other remembrances of things past was the guidebook I sought.

It is in such ways that friends aid the collector in covering all possible sources of the particular item that makes up his collection. Whenever I review my guidebooks and other material about the fairs of the world, I think of a late friend of mine, a Seattle, Washington, lawyer, who attended expositions in the United States and Europe and sent me many of the most prized pieces in my collection. From him I also received a 16-page letter that stressed the importance of world fairs as factors in international commerce and education, and this letter is now a part of my collection.

Being dean of the law school of St. Louis University, I am especially interested in the educational significance of world fairs in the fields of science, industry, and art, and when time permits I hope to take a serious look at this aspect of my hobby and perhaps write an article on it. Till then, I shall continue gathering material on fairs and studying their official guides.

Incidentally, there's a niche in my collection that remains open, despite my efforts to fill it. It is a space set aside for the official guide to the Panama Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. I've been looking for one—and still am. Have you looked in your hayloft lately? Or your attic?

What's Your Hobby?

No matter what it is, you'll enjoy sharing it. Just write to THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM about it, and your name will be listed below. So, if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, write now! You are requested to answer all correspondence that the listing brings.

Stamps: Mrs. Otto O. Bein (wife of Rotarian)—collects stamps; will exchange, 134 E. Emmett, Portage, Wis., U.S.A.

Stamps: S. R. Wright (collects stamps; will exchange used U. S. commemoratives for commemorative and sculptural stamps of other countries), Box 4897, College Station, Tex., U.S.A.

Quotes: Robert Mason (interested in exchanging helpful, inspiring quotations or furnishing them to those in need of help), Box 223, Almond, N. Y., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

José Ella (17-year-old nephew of Rotarian)—would like to correspond with young people in other countries; interested in movies, reading, dancing, sports), Legaspi City, The Philippines.

K. S. Vas (brother of Rotarian)—desires correspondence with young people in England and the United States; collects magazines; will exchange stamps for card-size movie-star photos), 14270 Rama Varma-puram, Nagore, India.

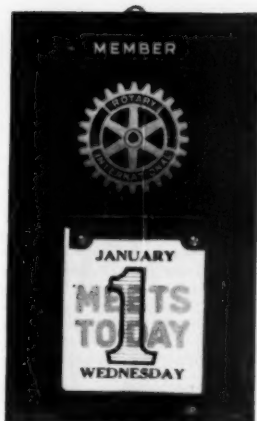
Connie Chandler (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—would like to correspond with boys and girls in other countries; interested in sports, popular music), North River Rd., Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada.

Linda Bryan (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—desires pen pals aged 12-13; collects movie-star photos), Paris, Ark., U.S.A.

Louise Potter (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian)—desires to correspond with girl or boy in England), 120 Church St., Henderson, N. C., U.S.A.

Diana Henderson (daughter of Rotarian)—would like to correspond with young people aged 10-11 in Canada and England; interested in reading, sports, especially swimming and ice skating), 111 W. Edwards St., Houghton, Mich., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



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Stripped GEARS



My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. The following story is from Mrs. Costan C. Crouse, wife of a Stamford, Connecticut, Rotarian.

"There was a fight at our shop today," a workman told his family at dinner. "Two men got into a row and one struck the other. The man who was struck picked up a club. I thought he would knock the man's brains out, so I stepped in between them."

His little boy's eyes nearly bulged out of his head, so proud was he of his father's valor. He said, "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, Dad?"

The man looked long and intently at his heir, then he resumed his dinner.

I Should Play Canasta

Friends drop in to teach me,
I give every excuse I dasta.
But they insist and beseech me
To play this glorious Canasta!

They tell me a fool can learn it,
Which sounds to me rather pasta.
So if I'm a fool, why, darn it,
Perhaps I should play this Canasta!
—ROTARIAN ELBERT FOLAND

Colorful Creatures

Fill in the blank with a color, combine the result with the word that follows it, and you'll have a colorful array of birds, animals, and fishes:

1. _____ start. 2. _____ thrasher.
3. _____ drum. 4. _____ ager. 5. _____ ling. 6. _____ bass. 7. _____ finch. 8. _____ sides. 9. _____ breast.
10. _____ hammer. 11. _____ hound.
12. _____ gill.

This quiz was submitted by George O. Pommer, Jr., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Fore!

Fill in the blanks with well-known golf terms:

1. "And the dish ran away with the _____."
2. Polly's favorite brew? _____
3. "Home, James," he said to his _____
4. The wearin' of the _____.
5. "Three on a _____."
6. I keep my tea in a _____.
7. The Battle of _____ Hill.
8. My cat purrs when I _____ her.

9. I waste time when I _____ about.
10. The Chinese house boy says that we'll have _____ potatoes.

This quiz was submitted by Heien Houston Boileau, wife of a Pomona, California, Rotarian.

The answers to these quizzes will be found in the next column.

Family-ar Scene

On Christmas morning
Boys will be boys
And so will Father
With Junior's toys.
—MARY ALKUS

Twice Told Tales

Did you ever notice that none of the photographs you see on Summer-resort folders were taken on rainy days?—*The Round-up*, EL PASO, TEXAS.

Mary loved John, but she worried about the way he spent money when they were out together. Finally she consulted her mother. "How," she asked, "can I stop John from spending so much money on me?" Said the mother with a sigh: "Marry him." —*Rotary Bulletin*, STURGIS, MICHIGAN.

A bumptious playwright who had a new show opening sent a couple of tickets

to the first night to the mayor of the city with a note suggesting that the chief executive could bring a friend "if he had one."

The mayor returned the tickets with a courteous letter stating that previous engagements made it impossible for him to see the show the opening night, but he would purchase two tickets for the second performance—if there was one. —*Post*, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

"I just got out of prison this morning," a traveller told a fellow traveller on the train. "It's going to be tough facing old friends."

"I can sympathize with you," answered the other. "I'm just going home from the State Legislature."—*Rotaview*, LONGVIEW, TEXAS.

A salesman making a two-week stay in town bought some Limburger cheese to eat in his room. When he got ready to leave, he still had half of it. He didn't want to pack it, nor did he want to leave it lying in his room, so he buried it in the dirt of a potted plant on the window sill. A few days later he received a telegram from the hotel, "We give up. Where did you put it?"—*The Reel Dope*.

Employee: "May I have the afternoon off to go shopping with my wife?"

Boss: "No."

Employee: "Thanks ever so much."
—*The Thousand Islander*, ALEXANDRIAN BAY, NEW YORK.

Answers to Quizzes

Stroke. 9. Putter. 10. Mashie.
Green. 3. Match. 6. Caddy. 7. Bunker. 8. Fore. 1. Spoon. 2. Tee. 3. Driver. 4. Grayhound. 12. Bluegill.
File. 6. Black bass. 7. Goldfinch. 8. Silver. 10. Yellowhammer. 11. Thrasher. 3. Red drum. 4. Tanager. 5. Gray. 6. Bluebird. 1. Redstart. 2. Brown.

Limerick Corner

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of a limerick selected as the month's limerick-contest winner. Address him care of *The Rotarian Magazine*, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

This month's winner comes from Mrs. Ralph J. Watts, wife of an Appleton, Wisconsin, Rotarian. Closing date for lines to complete it is January 15, 1952. The "ten best" entries will receive \$2.

SHARP, BUT FLAT

A critical fellow named Hocking
Said, "Men, this group singing is shocking.
Just listen to me."
But he sang it off key.

SAD STATE

Here again is the bobtailed limerick presented in *The Rotarian* for July:
There once was a teller named Keller
Who worked in a bank as a teller,
But temptation was great,
And he yielded to fate.

Here are the "ten best" last lines:

Now he's cooling his heels in a cellar.
(W. G. Hulston, member of the Rotary Club of Hawera, New Zealand.)
His loot he has stashed in the cellar.
(Dr. W. J. McKeefery, member of the Rotary Club of Alma, Michigan.)

His life story became a best seller.
(A. Tannenbaum, member of the Rotary Club of Krugersdorp, South Africa.)

"Twenty years!" said the judge with a beller.
(Mrs. H. S. Cunningham, wife of a Riverhead, New York, Rotarian.)

And with the proceeds he got very meller.
(Mrs. E. M. Harkness, wife of a Mullumbimby, Australia, Rotarian.)

So now he's "at home" in a cell, sir.
(Marcia Mueller, daughter of a Grand Rapids, Michigan, Rotarian.)

Now he's dodging the 'feds—in his cellar!
(Mrs. E. M. Muddell, wife of an Eastbourne, England, Rotarian.)

But was trapped by a dog with a smeller.
(William W. Whelan, member of the Rotary Club of Newberry, South Carolina.)

In "uniform" his rôle is less stellar.
(Mrs. E. W. Potter, mother of a Fayette, Missouri, Rotarian.)

As he left with a whoop 'n' a beller.
(Roy R. Ullman, member of the Rotary Club of Hickory, North Carolina.)



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